

THE LIVING AGE.

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VOL. CCLXXVIII

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THE WHISTLER.

Beside the doorway of a country inn
One stood and whistled right melodiously:

He whistled as the birds, scarce dreaming why,
Save that with all fair things his heart was kin.

And as he stood a-whistling, from within

The hostel, oft broke in upon the song

The uncouth voices of a rustic throng

Who marked the tale a wanton churl did spin,

The discord hushed, the melody would merge.

Triumphant, clearer—sweeter than before,

Until a very rapture smote the ear
Of one who trod the long lane's dust-strewn verge:

So Love stands, making music at the door.

One lists perchance—the rest nor heed nor hear.

E. M. Cook.

The Bookman.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S RAIN.

No wind, nor moon, nor stars; but the blind swoon of night

Begins to quicken at large and creep with doubtful sound.

Hark! In the trellis, red-rose mantled, white-rose-crowned. . . ?

'Twas only a fond, half-waking bird, for mere delight

Must jubilate aloud or break his heart outright;

And now, so soon, being drowsy, ere he'd time to expound

One half his text, falls dozing, but all around

The night conspires in whisper. One great cloud, from height

To depth, from hill to sea, one cloud possesses the air;

Whereout, on honey-breathing hedge and field and copse,

Rain, rain with soft, incessant million-fold caress,

Plumb-downward dropping rain, each moment, everywhere,

Pinches the fairy strings and plays on elfin stops

For that green secret air which these alone express.

John Swinnerton Phillimore.

The New Witness.

BEAUTY.

I have seen dawn and sunset on moors and windy hills

Coming in solemn beauty like slow old tunes of Spain:

I have seen the lady April bringing the daffodils,

Bringing the springing grass and the soft warm April rain.

I have heard the song of the blossoms and the old chant of the sea,

And seen strange lands from under the arched white sails of ships;

But the loveliest things of beauty God ever has showed to me,

Are her voice, and her hair, and eyes, and the dear red curve of her lips.

John Masefield.

THE RIDDLE.

I stood beneath the Night's unmoved expanse.

And lo! upon the fallow darkness sown

Like seeds, the stars; or bright confetti thrown

Upon the dusty floor of Circumstance;

Or hung, a jewelled necklace, to enhance

The throat of Night! And to some Power unknown

I cried, "Is Man then but a mote alone Caught in a falling rain-drop—dust of Chance?"

Yet in the desert of this sterile Space A living moss upon a crumbling clod

Tenacious finds a brief abiding place:

An Insignificance that has its dream—

A mind that reads a meaning in the scheme—

A heart whose craving dares create a God!

Arthur H. Adams.

THE COMING AMERICAN TARIFF.*

The United States of America is about to undertake a fiscal experiment comparable to that of Great Britain when the Corn Laws were repealed and the principle of free trade was substituted for the system of protection. Not that the Americans are immediately to adopt free trade, or to discard, either theoretically or practically, the policy of protection. But the step which is in contemplation is in the direction of free trade; the measure before Congress, which is sure to pass, is framed avowedly with the intention of encouraging the importation of foreign goods by placing domestic and foreign producers on an equality, so far as the power to compete freely is concerned; and it is as certain as any event in the future can be that if the present experiment prove successful, the system of protection of domestic productions by a tariff on imports is doomed.

It is desirable that the present writer should state frankly at the outset his point of view, in order that readers may discount his opinions in such a way as seems to them necessary. The facts will be truthfully given. Such inferences as may be drawn from them will be drawn as fairly and with as little prejudice as is possible for one who holds strong opinions on the general question of protection and free trade. Every American who has observed and studied the workings of the tariff at home during a long series of years must have preconceived opinions

on that controversy. He could not be a competent observer and diligent student of economic problems without forming opinions of his own.

The writer is theoretically a protectionist. He believes that the policy of protection as practised in the United States, whatever incidental evils it may have introduced, has been on the whole enormously beneficial in the past. But he also believes that just as the same policy was—in his judgment—instrumental in placing England in a position to dominate the manufacturing industry throughout the world, and subsequently rendered possible, wise, and indispensable the total abandonment of that policy, so it has served, particularly during the last two decades, to make the United States an efficient and successful competitor, with a great variety of its manufactured products, in the neutral markets of the world, even when the competition was with free-trade Great Britain herself. He recognizes, in short, that the need of protective duties has wholly ceased for numerous branches of American industry; that the number of such branches increases year by year; and that there has never been a time in the past when the impending experiment could have been made with so good a chance of success as it has to-day. His point of view, then, is that of one who looks forward without serious apprehension to a time in the not distant future when the United States can safely establish itself on a free-trade basis, and who is not, therefore, greatly alarmed at the prospect of a partial trial of the system.

Certain general facts, with which it is fair to presume that Englishmen are not familiar, need first to be set forth in order to make the present situation clear and to form the basis of conclu-

*1 H. R. 3321. A Bill to reduce tariff duties and to provide revenue for the Government, and for other purposes. Sixty-third Congress, First Session. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1913.

2 "Tariff Handbook." Statistical Basis for H. R. 3321. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1913.

3 "Statistical Abstract of the United States." 912. Thirty-fifth Number. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1913.

4 "The United States Tariff Act of 1909."

sions as to the outcome of the experiment that is about to be made.

The policy of protecting domestic industry by a tariff on imports has been a political issue in the United States from the first session of the first Congress, which met in 1789 under the presidency of George Washington, down to the present day. There have always been party leaders with many followers who were in favor of free trade; but at no time has there been a political party which was devoid of a protectionist element; and this statement is true of all the parties of to-day. During practically the whole history of the country the tariffs have been made by and in the interest of protectionists, save in the years from 1846 to 1860.

It is easy to understand why the tariff has been so persistent a political issue. Customs duties were from the first the main reliance of the government for revenue. The Constitution denied to Congress the right to levy direct taxation except in proportion to population, and it is only in the present year that that prohibition has been removed. All property taxes have been in the control of the State governments exclusively. Excise was universally unpopular, and a whisky tax led to a small rebellion in Pennsylvania during Washington's administration. Taking the entire period from 1789 to the beginning of the Civil War in 1861, the total receipts from ordinary sources—that is, excluding loans, etc.—were about \$1,845,700,000, of which \$1,375,400,000 was derived from customs, and \$176,800,000 of the rest came from sales of public lands. The tariff was therefore overwhelmingly the greatest revenue producer, for all other forms of taxation only produced \$93,500,000, or barely five per cent of the total receipts. In such circumstances it was inevitable that the rates of duty should be high. The manufac-

turing communities of the North naturally asked for, and succeeded in obtaining, such an adjustment of duties as gave them an advantage over possible foreign competitors; the importing interests just as naturally took the other side of the question, and were reinforced by the consumers of the South, who had no manufactures to be protected.

For a few years after the close of the Civil War the agricultural communities of the North-West were anti-protectionist. But the immense development of the wool-growing industry—wool being highly protected—and the shrewdness of the Republican party in taking the farmers under the shadow of its protecting wing, brought that region of the country into line, and during the last two decades no States have sent more resolute "stand-patters" to the Senate and House of Representatives than the north-western States.

The agitation and the political revolution that have brought about the impending change in the economic policy of the United States have had a curious history. The McKinley Tariff Act of 1890 was unpopular and led to the election of Mr. Cleveland in 1892. But although the Democratic platform of that year declared it to be "a fundamental principle of the Democratic party that the federal government has no constitutional power to impose and collect tariff duties, 'except for the purposes of revenue only,'" and although the Republicans "reaffirmed the American doctrine of protection," yet the tariff was not really the controlling or even the chief issue in the canvass. The unpopularity of President Harrison, and the great growth of the Popu-

¹ When the late Senator Hanna, of Ohio, was asked what action he advised the Republicans in Congress to adopt with reference to the tariff, he replied "Stand pat." The phrase is used in the game of draw poker to signify that the player who so declares is satisfied with his hand and will draw no more from the pack.

list party, turned the scale. Mr. Cleveland himself half gave away the platform by saying, in his letter of acceptance, "We contemplate a fair and careful distribution of necessary tariff burdens rather than the precipitation of free trade."

Nevertheless, the party had a real mandate from the people to do what it pleased with the tariff. But it was honeycombed with protectionist sentiment. The "Wilson Bill," so called, made quite radical reductions, and the party machinery was powerful enough to pass it through the House of Representatives; but when it reached the Senate it was amended almost past recognition. At the dictation of a group of protectionist Democratic senators no fewer than 428 amendments were made in the Bill, all of them restoring or increasing protection. The coalition of these Democrats with the Republicans was so strong, and they were so determined that their views should prevail, that the House was compelled to take the measure exactly as it was transformed by the Senate or to allow the Bill to drop.

The Act as it passed was neither one thing nor the other. The Democrats never defended it, the Republicans denounced it. Duties were reduced, but a great deal of protection was retained. Whatever may have been the cause of its failure, there is no doubt that it failed. The Treasury had a series of heavy deficits; the silver craze was then rampant, and the apprehension was great that the country would be reduced to a silver basis of currency. The gold reserve melted away; business was bad; wages were reduced; unemployment was rife. The protectionists attributed all the evils of the time to the "free trade tariff," and the people listened to them. The political reaction was so strong that in 1896 the Republicans came back to power with an immense majority, pledged to

restore the protective tariff and to establish the gold standard of money.

In 1897 another new tariff, known as the Dingley tariff, was adopted, and whether in consequence of it, or independently of it, or in spite of it, the country subsequently enjoyed the most prosperous period in its entire history. Every branch of business was active, enormous profits were made by employers, wages were increased, labor was fully employed, the government had abundant revenue. In nothing was the expansion of national energy more conspicuous than in the foreign trade. Comparing the year 1897, the last under the Wilson-Gorman Act, with 1908, the last under the Dingley Act, the value of imports increased from \$765,000,000 to \$1,112,000,000; and in spite of the high rates of duty the value of dutiable goods imported increased more rapidly than that of goods on the free list. The history of the export trade is still more remarkable, for although the total increase in value, from \$1,032,000,000 to \$1,638,000,000, was but 58 per cent, as compared with 87 per cent in the case of imports, the actual increase was nearly twice as much, and was most conspicuous in manufactured goods.

It is not easy to determine the chief cause of the agitation that was begun about the year 1906 or 1907 for a revision of the tariff. It seems to have been a phase of the "unrest" that has prevailed ever since. The demand for revision was not due to any interruption or decline of the prosperity of the country, for nothing of the kind was experienced. Two or three unsuccessful politicians began the agitation by taking up the cause of reciprocity with Canada, dealing with it in such a way as to show that they did not understand the subject, and that they were not even aware of the state of trade between the United States and the Dominion. Many public men, and

public journals also, ascribed the high cost of living to the tariff—a general complaint, which was not abandoned when it was pointed out that the important human wants of rent, fuel, food, were affected only indirectly if at all by the tariff. But the complaint found ready hearers. The Democrats were, of course, eager to promote the agitation. The Republicans became so far conscious of the growing popular interest in the subject that in their platform of 1908 they promised a revision of the tariff, and set forth at considerable length the principles on which they held that the rates of duty should be determined. The Democrats ironically welcomed this “belated promise of reform.”

The Republicans were successful in the election, and Mr. Taft was chosen President. He fulfilled the promise of the platform so far as was in his power, by summoning Congress in extraordinary session for the purpose of revising the tariff; and the tariff was revised. Subsequent events show that the revision was by no means satisfactory to a majority of the people, and that it was a stupendous political mistake. The influence of the manufacturers was too powerful to permit a radical reduction, and the Republican leaders in both branches of Congress were “stand-patters.” Yet a vast amount of misrepresentation has prevailed as to the character of the tariff of 1909. Tested in any way, it is certain that the rates under the Payne-Aldrich Act are lower than those they superseded. A larger proportion of the total importations consists of free goods, and the average rate of duty upon those which are still dutiable is also lower, as the following statement drawn from the trade statistics proves. Of the total importations during the last three years under the Dingley tariff, the free goods were 44.67 per cent of the whole; dur-

ing the three following years, while the present tariff has been in force, the free goods have been 50.96 per cent of the whole. The average rate of duty upon dutiable goods in those six years, namely 1907 to 1912, both inclusive, was 42.55, 42.94, 43.15, 41.52, 41.22, and 40.12. The government reports exhibit the rates for each schedule of the tariff, and it appears from the official statement that the rates were lower for chemicals, metals, agricultural products, cotton manufactures, wool manufactures, silk manufactures; and higher on earthenware, sugar, tobacco, wine and spirits.

The reduction, then, was real, although it was narrow. It did not satisfy those who had been clamoring for a “downward” revision, and those persons were Republicans as well as Democrats. A group of men, chiefly in the Western States, but numbering also many in the east, designated as “insurgents,” denounced the Payne-Aldrich Act in unmeasured terms. The tariff was by no means the only target at which they aimed their shafts, but it was that at which they chiefly aimed. As Republicans they declared themselves to be devoted to the principle of protection, but they maintained that the rates imposed by the existing law were excessive, unnecessary, harmful to the people, and sure to bring the whole theory of protection into lasting disfavor. There can be little question that if those who controlled the tariff policy in 1909 had been able to foresee what has since taken place, their actions would have been widely different from what it was.

There were so many grounds of dissatisfaction within the Republican ranks with the administration of Mr. Taft that it is impossible to say how much the opposition to the new tariff had to do with the *débâcle* of 1912. For the farmers all over the country

turned against the party on account of the reciprocity agreement with Canada; the radical social policies of Mr. Roosevelt attracted thousands upon thousands of men who regarded Mr. Taft as altogether too conservative; and then came the unfortunate Chicago convention, which completed the ruin, and resulted in a hopeless division of the party. Probably the triumph of the Democrats was independent of this final catastrophe; probably neither Mr. Taft nor Mr. Roosevelt nor any new man would have been successful, even as the candidate of a nominally united party. At all events, the Democrats were victorious, and they came into power with as valid a mandate to revise the tariff in accordance with their own views as any party ever had. Immediately after the inauguration of Mr. Wilson as President plans were laid for prompt action, and a proclamation was issued summoning Congress to meet in extraordinary session on April 7.

During the whole of the closing session of the sixty-second Congress the Democratic members of the Ways and Means Committee had been at work upon a complete Tariff Bill, and their labors were continued in the brief recess that elapsed before the sixty-third Congress met, so that the Bill was then practically completed. Having in mind the wrecking of the Wilson Bill in 1894, the Democrats resolved to bring possible dissenters from their measure into line by means of a caucus in each branch of the legislature. It was known that there were such dissenters. Two features of the Bill, which were insisted upon by the President, and consented to by Mr. Underwood, chairman of the committee, and by his fellow Democrats, were especially distasteful to many members in both branches of Congress. Wool, which had been highly dutiable, was to be placed on the free list, a proposi-

tion which was stoutly opposed by many senators and members from the West. Sugar, also highly dutiable, was to be made free in three years, and meantime the duty was to be much reduced. That feature affected two interests—the growers of cane sugar in Louisiana, and the growers of sugar beet in many of the north-western States.

It is a comparatively recent innovation in American constitutional practice for a President to express to Congress, even unofficially, his will as to the details of legislation in advance of the time when it is formally submitted to him for approval in the shape of an Act passed by both Houses. Mr. Roosevelt carried the practice far beyond any of his predecessors; Mr. Taft did not lag far behind; Mr. Wilson has done openly and boldly what the recent Presidents have done in private conferences and in semi-official *communiqués*. He has announced in almost so many words that he will veto any Bill which does not provide for free wool and free sugar; and that he will not treat as a regular Democrat any member who conspires to defeat a bill containing those provisions—that is, that such a man shall have no recognition in the disposal of patronage.

The caucus of Democratic members of the House considered the Bill, section by section and clause by clause, for two weeks. Numerous amendments were proposed and urged, but not one of them was adopted, except those which might be termed government amendments—namely those offered by the Ways and Means Committee itself. When the several schedules had been approved one by one, the Bill as a whole was approved, and the members thus became bound to support it as a whole, for every Democratic member had taken part in the caucus. But, as a matter of grace, a few of them were

absolved in advance for votes which they might give in support of amendments to be offered in the House on the wool and sugar duties; but they were still bound to vote for the passage of the measure when those amendments had been rejected, as they were sure to be. There was no political danger in this concession, since the Democrats outnumber their opponents by more than two to one.

The discussion of the Bill in the House was a mere formality. Long speeches were made—most of them prepared in advance. They were not expected to change any votes, and they changed none. There was much fustian oratory on both sides, much perversion of political and commercial history, much that had no other purpose than to exalt the member in the eyes of his constituents. There were opposition amendments in abundance, designed to expose alleged inconsistencies in the Bill, to represent the supporters of the measure as indifferent to the welfare of their country and the prosperity of American industries. When the weary debate was ended the Bill was passed. The cross-voting on the final passage was unimportant.

The Senate received the Bill on May 9. A futile discussion took place on a motion to require the Committee on Finance, to which it was to be referred, to give public hearings. That proposition was defeated, and the Bill was referred without instructions. The several parts of the Bill were then referred to sub-committees, which have given private hearings to many persons; and a large number of briefs have been submitted. At the time of writing the Bill is still before these committees.

So much for history. All the really important questions are still left for consideration: What is the Bill, in its purpose and its intended effect? What is the prospect of any change

from the form in which it passed the House? What is the prospect of its final passage? If passed, what is likely to be its effect upon the immediate and the more distant future of American manufacturing industry, and upon the well-being of the American people? How widely will it open the door for European competition?

The intention of the framers and supporters of the Bill can best be shown by extracts from the utterances of the President, and the chairman of the committee, Mr. Underwood.

President Wilson, in his speech to the two Houses of Congress on the second day of the session, explained what he conceived to be the principles on which the new tariff should be framed in these words:

"We must abolish everything that bears even the semblance of privilege or of any kind of artificial advantage, and put our business men and producers under the stimulation of a constant necessity to be efficient, economical, and enterprising, masters of competitive supremacy, better workers and merchants than any in the world. Aside from the duties laid upon articles which we do not and probably cannot produce, and the duties laid upon luxuries, merely for the sake of the revenues they yield, the object of the duties henceforth laid must be competitive competition, the whetting of American wits by contest with the wits of the rest of the world."

Mr. Underwood, in his report that accompanied the Bill after it had been considered by the caucus, said that the Democrats had attempted

"To eliminate protection of profits and to cut off duties which enable industrial managers to exact a bonus for which no equivalent is rendered;

"To introduce in every line of industry a competitive tariff basis, providing for a substantial amount of importation, to the end that no concern shall be able to feel that it has a monopoly of the home market gained other than through the fact that it is

able to furnish better goods at lower prices than others."

In order to show to the members of Congress how the theory above set forth is worked out, the Committee on Ways and Means prepared and published a "Tariff Handbook"—a government publication of more than 800 pages—in which the present and the proposed rates of duty are printed in parallel columns; statistics are given of the quantity, value, and duty collected as to each class of merchandise for one year each under the tariffs of 1894 and 1897, and for two years under the tariff of 1909, together with an estimate of the probable quantity that will be imported in a year under the proposed new tariff.

It would not be possible, and if it were possible it would be a trial of the patience of British readers, to go into the details of the Bill. But it is essential that its general features should be noted.

The tariff schedules in which the reductions of duty are greatest—aside from the drastic treatment already mentioned of wool and sugar—are those concerning metals, leather and its manufactures, and the textile manufactures. For example, iron ore is placed on the free list; the duty on pig iron is to be \$8 a ton (of 2000 pounds), or one-half the present duty; the duties upon steel ingots and upon a great variety of other steel products are also reduced 50 per cent. In the entire metals schedule about half of the items are reduced 50 per cent or more, and there are but a few items where the reduction is not at least 33 per cent. Of the leather schedule there is practically nothing left. Hides and skins are to be free, and so are all kinds of leather except such insignificant items as glove-leather, chamols, and piano-forte-leather. Moreover, the duty is entirely removed from boots and shoes, and from harness and saddlery. On

cotton manufactures the highest duty proposed in any case is 30 per cent *ad valorem*. In the wool schedule there is no duty above 35 per cent *ad valorem*, except in the case of carpets woven whole, where the duty is 50 per cent. In the flax, hemp, and jute schedule, upon products in which there is little or no American competition, and in the silk schedule—silk being treated as a luxury—the reductions of duty are slight.

Some of the additions to the free list have already been mentioned, namely wool, sugar (in three years), and boots and shoes. The intention to help the consumer appears also in the provisions that coal, fish, and flour shall be free. The southern planter will be duly grateful that cotton bagging also goes on the free list. Republicans have derived not a little amusement from some features of the Bill which seem to them inconsistent with its general purpose, and they profess to detect evidences of a willingness to look after the interests of good Democratic communities. Texas, as everyone knows, or should know, is solidly Democratic. It is largely engaged in the raising of Angora goats; so in this Bill, which makes wool free of duty, a duty is imposed on the hair of the Angora goat. Again, Texas raises cattle in huge numbers which are sent to the shambles in Chicago and other northern cities, to give beef to the people of the rest of the country. The Underwood Bill makes beef free of duty, but it generously lays a duty on beef-cattle, lest Mexican steers should cross the Texan frontier in competition with the home product. No one has suggested any reasonable explanation of the placing of a duty on wheat while taking it off flour. Possibly it was thought best not to offend the farmers of the north-west by letting in the Canadian wheat—a provision of the unlamented reciprocity arrangement

with Canada that drove the Republican farmers of all those States over to Mr. Roosevelt.

A prominent and most important feature of the Underwood Bill is its general substitution of *ad valorem* duties for specific. The only plausible explanation of the preference of Democratic tariff makers for *ad valorem* duties is that in the lowest tariff that was ever in force in the country, the Walker Democratic tariff of 1846, all duties without exception were fixed on the *ad valorem* system. It seems singular that a party tradition of this character should survive the political shocks of sixty odd years. But so it is. It avails nothing to demonstrate that when a duty varies with the price of commodities, a decline in the price is disadvantageous both to the revenue and to domestic producers who are competing with foreigners; that a rise in price automatically adds to the amount of duty which the consumer pays to the government; and that of all possible frauds on the revenue, undervaluation of imports is the greatest and most frequent, and is made easier and comparatively safer by the *ad valorem* system of levying customs duties.

The Underwood Bill is much more than a revision of the tariff. Since the remission of the wool and sugar duties would involve a loss of something like sixty million dollars of revenue, the deficiency is to be made good by the imposition of an income tax. That is made possible for the first time this year by the adoption of an amendment of the Constitution, the sixteenth, the first change made in that instrument since the years immediately following the Civil War. It is to be a Democratic, but not a democratic tax, for it is to be levied only on incomes exceeding \$4000, and will therefore be paid by an insignificant number of persons estimated by the com-

mittee at less than half a million, or less than one-half of one per cent of the population. There is also a provision in the Bill remitting five per cent of the duties on goods imported in American ships. This seems to be "protection" of a type quite as objectionable as if it were given in the usual form. It is, moreover, in the opinion of most persons who look at the plain meaning of words, and not beneath them for a hidden meaning, contrary to treaties with foreign nations. But this is not the place to discuss either the income tax or the proposed encouragement, amounting to a subsidy, to American shipping, or the provision, probably to be abandoned, that foreign merchants who sell goods for export shall open their books to the inspection of American consuls. In ordinary circumstances it would be labor worse than thrown away to speculate in a quarterly review upon the course of events that will surely have come to an issue within two or three months. In this case such speculation may help to an understanding of those events after they have occurred.

In the first place, the probabilities are that the Finance Committee of the Senate will propose a large number of amendments. The most violent opposition is directed against the provisions making wool and sugar free of duty. Washington has seen a great and powerful "lobby" exerting all its energies, and no doubt spending large sums of money—no one even hints that it has been used corruptly—in order to influence senators and members against these features of the Bill. The lobby was so active that the President issued a fulmination against it. Notwithstanding its activities it is almost safe to predict that the efforts, so far as they are directed against members of the Finance Committee, will fail, and that no Democratic member of this

committee of the Senate will vote to reverse the action of the House. It does not follow that the effort will fail when the Bill gets before the Senate itself.

It seems to be agreed that many manufacturers have been able to convince Democratic members of the sub-committees that certain provisions of the Bill as it passed the House of Representatives are crude and inconsistent. All manufacturers understand that the tariff on goods that compete with theirs is to be reduced, and have reconciled themselves to that fact. But they have represented to the sub-committees that there are inequalities that will cause unnecessary hardship, and have found the members ready to listen to them sympathetically and with an open mind. One manufacturer who had, with others, a six-hour session with one of the sub-committees, told the writer that he was treated with more consideration and courtesy, and with less unconcealed suspicion of his motives, than it had been his lot to experience when meeting in former years with committees of Republicans, who are popularly supposed to have allowed manufacturers to dictate tariff rates.

A few of the alleged inequalities may be mentioned. The cotton men complain that the Bill as it left the House of Representatives allows only $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent higher duty on colored cloth fancy woven than is laid on plain uncolored goods made from the same "count" of yarn. The wool manufacturers ask that there be allowed an interval of time, say thirty days at least, after the date when wool becomes free, before the drastic reduction on manufactured goods goes into effect, in order that they may dispose of the stocks accumulated under the existing tariff. The millers urge that if flour is to be free of duty, the wheat from which it is made may be

free also. The shoe manufacturers are extremely unhappy because the duty on all their products, which now pay only fifteen per cent, is to be removed entirely.

No doubt exists that whatever changes in the Bill are proposed by the Finance Committee of the Senate will be adopted by the Senate itself. It is not so certain that the Senate may not also adopt amendments which have been rejected by the committee. The party majority in the Senate is extremely narrow. Any changes made by the committee which are in the direction of ameliorating the situation of manufacturers would be easily carried, because they would have the additional support of all the Republican senators. But on the wool and sugar duties, which in all probability the committee will leave unchanged, the case is different. The two Louisiana senators and one senator from the extreme northwest, whose constituents are interested in wool, will oppose placing those articles on the free list, and if all the Republicans stand by them the vote in the Senate will be a tie, and the Vice-President will give his casting vote for the free list.

The only thing that may be predicted with full confidence is that the House of Representatives will never agree to a duty on wool, or to a surrender of the provisions relative to sugar. With somewhat less assurance it may be predicted that the House will agree to some if not all the moderate changes made by the Senate, when they are calculated to eliminate crudities and inconsistencies. Further, it may be accepted as well-nigh certain that the two Houses will finally agree upon a measure that differs in minor details only from the Bill as it stands to-day, and that it will receive the President's approval some time in the month of August.

If that is to be the upshot of it all,

it leaves us to consider only the final question, What is to be the effect of the tariff of 1913 upon the people of the United States, upon their industry, and upon foreign trade? Although the legislation is avowedly framed in the interest of the whole people, it is manifest that the extent of the benefit they are to derive from it, by a reduction of the price they pay for the necessities of life, can be known only when it is ascertained what are to be the results of the change of national policy on industry in general, and on the importation of foreign commodities at a lower price than that now charged for the domestic productions.

There is no doubt that the anticipatory effect of the Bill—namely the tariff agitation, with the forecast of a serious reduction of rates—has been highly injurious to business in every branch. The confident tone with which new enterprises were planned and carried out and old-established plants were enlarged a few years ago began to disappear as the prospect of a Democratic victory grew brighter. It has now given place to a pessimistic and ultra-conservative temper. Money is abundant enough, but it is not to be had except on high terms for such undertakings as would lately have attracted a plethora of capital. Personal economy, dull mercantile business, diminished production by manufacturers, decreased earnings by the railways, heavy decline in the shares of transportation and industrial companies—all these are features of the economic experience of the last year or two in the United States.

But those who are far-sighted do not expect these conditions to be permanent or even of great duration. It is the uncertainty as to what is to happen that has caused them, and the future may not be so bad as the business public fears.

Taking the largest and broadest view

of the situation, it will appear that in no important class of merchandise which has been enjoying protection, and on which the tariff is now to be reduced, are foreign communities, singly or all combined, in a position to supply any considerable part of the requirements of America. British and continental manufacturers can, no doubt, greatly increase their production, which is, at present, quantitatively adapted to their own home consumption and a well-ascertained foreign demand; but that will take time. On the other hand, the consuming capacity of a population approaching a hundred millions in number is so huge that it would be absurd to expect or to fear that any large part of the American manufacturer's production for his home market can ever be displaced. It follows that at the worst only a small fraction of the productive plants of the country will be forced to idleness, unless competition should depress prices to an unprofitable basis. That does not seem probable; for it can never be good policy for foreign competitors to lower the prices of their wares unnecessarily. They are far more likely to take advantage of the high prices prevailing in their new market. There will be many exceptions to the general rule here suggested, but for the most part they will not effect the great commodities in universal use, produced and consumed in large quantities.

It is needless to say that the widest difference of opinion exists as to what is to be the effect of the new tariff. Much of the opinion is purely political. The official and congressional advocates of the new policy predict general prosperity and good times but little short of millennial; the spokesmen of the opposition foretell universal prostration of business, social misery and disorder, to be followed by a speedy political reaction. In the opinion of the writer neither of these extreme

views is justified. He believes that neither great harm is to come to the producers of the country as a whole, nor great benefit to be experienced by the consumers as a whole. For he thinks that a study of the industries in detail will confirm and strengthen the statement made above that extensive interference with the American producer in his possession of the home market is out of the question at short notice, and will never be practicable on a large scale.

The three great wants of man are food, clothing, and shelter. We may dismiss at once the idea that there can be any competition from abroad in the building or furnishing of the homes of the people, and also the idea that there can be from anywhere so large an importation of breadstuffs and meat as will cause the farmers and cattle raisers of the country any distress. Laying aside these general wants, the providers of which are protected without any tariff, what are the American industries that employ the largest capital and give employment to the largest number of men and women? They are the iron and steel manufacture, textiles, and boots and shoes. It is unnecessary to mention slaughtering, meat packing, woodworking, printing, smelting and refining, and other occupations, in all of which foreign competition is impossible. So far as the steel manufacture is concerned, the United States need fear no rival, tariff or no tariff. The fact that the exports of the products of steel mills increased from a value of \$15,959,000 in 1887 to \$268,154,000 in 1912—a period of twenty-five years—is eloquent beyond the need of verbal argument. For the first time in 1911 the value of such exports from the United States exceeded British exports, which, in the last year, 1912, were valued at £48,600,000. If any American steel men have remonstrated against the Underwood rates

they have not done so with a loud voice. Officials of the large companies have expressed themselves as being not at all alarmed, though some of them think that the weak brethren will suffer.

The case of boots and shoes is not identical, but the situation here is less serious than some of the manufacturers think. The United States now ships its boots and shoes to almost every country on the globe. For many years the extensive use of efficient machinery enabled American manufacturers to undersell all competitors, though this condition is disappearing as the American machinery is introduced abroad. As a rule, boot and shoe manufacturers are not particularly apprehensive of competition from across the Atlantic, but from the other side of the Pacific. They foresee that if the Japanese were to endeavor to undersell Lynn and Brockton—our typical shoe towns—they might be successful. But that danger is remote.

Turning to textiles, there is room for serious debate. It is the belief of the writer, and he has much to support it beside the expressed opinion of managers of textile mills, that it would not be possible for Manchester to sell at a profit coarse and medium cotton yarns and piece goods in New York and Boston at lower prices than those which have been fixed by keen domestic competition. If that be true no tariff is needed for protection, and there is no danger of an invasion of the country with any of the fabrics that constitute the great bulk of cotton goods consumed. On the other hand, the managers of mills in Providence and New Bedford, spinners of fine yarns and weavers of colored and fancy woven goods, are convinced that the rates fixed by the Bill as it passed the House would enable English and continental manufacturers to undersell

any prices at which they could obtain a profit. On this point they have apparently persuaded the sub-committee in charge of the textile schedules, and the prospect is that the sub-committee will recommend moderate increases which will be accepted by the Senate and will be part of the Bill when it becomes law.

The situation in respect of woollen and worsted goods is peculiar. The promised advantage of free wool is so great that it goes far to offset the 50 per cent reduction of the tariff rates on wool manufactures. The United States is a great producer of wool. It produces an average of more than 300,000,000 pounds per annum, none of which is exported. Yet the imports of foreign wool usually exceed 200,000,000 pounds per annum. The high duty hitherto laid upon wool makes it inexpedient, because too costly, to import some desirable wools. The phrase "suitable for America" is a well-known designation of certain Australian wools, which implies that some other wools are not suitable. The wool manufacturers of the United States have always supported the demand of the wool growers for a duty, as being a necessary feature of a general system of protection, but now that this duty is to be withdrawn independently of any action of theirs they hail its disappearance as a boon. The proposed reduction of duty on their manufactured goods is very severe, and will surely expose them to much foreign competition—more, perhaps, than will be experienced by any other industry. Yet the large concerns are not wholly despondent. What is to be feared is that the impending changes will close permanently hundreds of small-neighborhood mills, scattered all over the country, that give the only semblance of life to the villages in which they are situated.

A similar consideration applies to a

multitude of small industries. Southern New England is full of little factories wherein are manufactured a great variety of minor articles in which Germany in particular is already a strong competitor, in spite of the high tariff. Articles of brass, and numerous fancy goods and small wares used by tailors and seamstresses might be mentioned as typical of these industries. On them the rates of duty have been cut to such an extent that there is reason to think that some of the small establishments may be driven out of existence.

Practically all the interests that stand to suffer materially from the proposed change of policy have now been mentioned. If the views expressed are sound, it seems to follow that nothing revolutionary is to be expected as the practical result of the new tariff. That there will be larger importations is a matter of course, but it does not seem possible that the increase can be so great as to disarrange the markets except in the few cases specified, and in others of a similar character. If that be so, it follows also that in an extremely small number of cases will prices be affected in either direction to a marked degree. That, in turn, implies on the one hand that labor will not suffer greatly from lack of employment or from lower wages; on the other hand, that the people for whose supposed benefit the reversal of national policy is undertaken will not realize any substantial relief from the high cost of living. Moreover, it implies that although the door to the American market is to be opened, by at least a crack, the invitation to enter will not, and in many cases cannot, be largely accepted.

The writer frankly admits that this is not the view generally taken, and he also admits that the exceptions to what are here put forward as general

rules may prove, in practice, to be more numerous and more important than before the event they seem to be. Possibly the interference with American trade to the advantage of foreign producers and exporters may be more serious, possibly the consequences to American capital and labor may be more damaging, than is here anticipated. There are manufacturers who declare their intention to transfer their plants to Canada, or even across the ocean, if the proposed tariff rates stand. There are many others who declare that they must reduce wages to meet foreign competition or close their works. The publication of these threats has added some unintentionally humorous features to the controversy. The threat to remove established industries to another country moved an indignant correspondent of a New York paper to urge that a law be passed imposing the penalty of a prohibitive duty on the goods of any

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manufacturer who should commit so unpatriotic an act. In much the same spirit one of Mr. Wilson's Cabinet officers said in a public speech that if any manufacturer should reduce wages, assigning as a reason inability to compete under the new tariff, the government would investigate his business to ascertain whether he was telling the truth or was excusing his own inefficiency.

In spite of the dissent which the views here advanced may provoke from many besides interested politicians, and in defiance of the sententious maxim of one of our humorists, "Don't prophesy unless ye know," these views are put forward with some degree of confidence. The accuracy of many of them will be tested in a very short time; others will be justified or disproved only after some years of experience. As to all of them it is best—borrowing a word from your English politics—to "wait and see."

Edward Stanwood.

THE FALLACY OF EUGENICS.

Five hundred years B. C. the following dialogue was written—

Tell me, Glaucon, . . . for I know you keep both sporting dogs and a great number of game birds, . . . do you breed from all alike, or are you anxious to breed as much as possible from the best?—From the best.—And if you were to pursue a different course, do you think your breed of birds and dogs would degenerate very much?—I do.—Do you think it would be different with horses or any other animals?—Certainly not; it would be absurd to suppose it.—Good heavens! my dear friend, I exclaimed, what very first-rate men our rulers ought to be, if the analogy hold with regard to the human race.¹

¹ "Plato's Republic," V, § 459. (Davies and Vaughan's trans.)

That seed-thought of Plato, after having floated in the air two thousand years, has found at last a receptive soil, and has reproduced itself in the mind of a Nietzsche, a Francis Galton, and the Eugenists. What has rendered the soil receptive is the coming of Evolution. Nature is supposed to have expressed her secret of becoming, briefly as follows: Since there is a struggle for existence, and since no two creatures are alike, the fittest must tend to survive. Given limitless time, but a limitation of subsistence, Nature will weed out those individuals less fitted for their environment; those trifling variations which render the survivors fitter will accumulate, and this accumulation of advantageous

but infinitesimal differences, it is imagined, explains the evolution of organic nature. Eugenics is the application of this theory to human life. "Natural selection and the survival of the fittest represent the method followed by the workings of heredity. Where the human race is concerned men have the power consciously to direct them into barren or into profitable channels. The whole fate of civilization hangs on the question of whether this mighty engine of construction or destruction is to be used for good or evil."²

So inevitable does this corollary seem, and so overwhelming its logic, that clear-brained reformers are being carried off their feet. In the preface to *Man and Superman* Bernard Shaw tells us that he at least no longer entertains any delusions as to social reform. The only hope for man is to breed him. Thus a demand is made for the re-casting of our moral code compared with which the demand for re-statement which evolution has already made upon our other modes of thought is trivial. Let us be so bold as to observe here that the pivot upon which evolution has rested and the means by which it conquered men's minds was a train of thought, a logical syllogism, rather than an observed sequence of events in outward nature. The general truth of evolution would have conquered without that syllogism, which is vital to none—save the eugenicist.

We have formed a logical conception as to how by an automatic process the universe of life might have come into being; now at last to patient watchers Nature is speaking in plain language of the origin of species, and lo, *she calmly waves our logic aside*. New species are actually seen arising, and it is not by any slow accumula-

tion of minute and haphazard differences. The new form springs forth from its parent form complete from the first, like Athene fully armed from the head of Zeus.

About twenty-five years ago the Dutch Professor De Vries was botanizing in the neighborhood of Hilversum, a small town in Holland. Scrutinizing a plantation in which an escaped American Evening Primrose had run wild, he found a little group of Evening Primroses distinct in several particulars from any that he knew, or on investigation could find recorded or collected in any herbarium of the world. Some of these he transplanted to his experimental garden, where their seed came pure and true, so that this was not some chance cross but a species new to man. De Vries also transplanted specimens of that ordinary American Evening Primrose, isolated them from any possible cross-fertilization by insects from the outside world, reared seedlings by thousands from them, observing them year by year. To his delighted eyes there appeared every year a small percentage of offspring new and strange. Not only did the stranger that first arrested his attention reappear, but half-a-dozen other forms, all related to the parent form as species to a genus. In later years these observations have been repeated and checked by scientists in distant countries. New forms thus suddenly produced De Vries calls Mutations, and from these basal observations he has erected his Mutation theory, of which it may be said the more it is known the more it prevails. The phenomenon of "Sports" had long been known, but these were regarded as mere freaks throwing no light upon the general process of nature. Now we are learning that these very sports are the new creations by which the evolution of organic nature has been accomplished. The Copper Beech, the

² Dr. and Mrs. Whetham, *Heredity and Society*, p. 8.

Moss Rose, the Cactus Dahlia, are examples of mutations that have arisen within historic time and more or less under the observation of man. Following De Vries' cue naturalists are making a fresh scrutiny of the animal kingdom, and there also mutating forms of life are discovered, exactly where they might be expected, amongst species the boundaries of whose existence have suddenly been widened.

W. L. Tawer, after a prolonged study of the destructive Potato Beetle of the United States, has observed nine mutations in that species, and from one pair of such beetles he has actually seen the origin of a new species and watched it breed absolutely true through seven generations, bidding fair, when he brought the experiment to an end, to oust the parent form. Dr. R. E. Lloyd, after an unrivalled opportunity of observing the common rat, whilst serving on the Plague Commission in India, has recorded clear evidence of its present mutating condition in that country. De Vries' conception receives convincing support from Mendel's discovery—of whose work indeed De Vries was one of the re-discoverers. Mendellian experiments prove that a very large number at least of the characters of plants and animals are distinct, separate and independent units. De Vries' conception of evolution is that one species arises from that which precedes it through the addition of some new factor by a change within the germ. A mutation is due to the appearance or disappearance of a single unit in the germ-cell, the cause of which is unknown. When such a mutation arises singly at the first, how comes it to be propagated? Why is it not diluted out of existence? Mendel's law answers that question. Nature, abhorring compromise, sorts out in the offspring the characters of either parent and so preserves the new race.

It is established, then, that species do arise and are arising by mutation. We go further, and doubt if they have ever arisen by slow transition as evolutionists have almost universally believed. Undoubtedly each species in nature has a measure of *elasticity*. Of the several characters which jointly make up a species, sometimes one character will appear exaggerated, at other times it may be almost in abeyance. The old evolutionist thought that by seizing on any character displayed in excess by some individual, breeding from that individual and selecting such offspring as displayed that character most fully, a form sufficiently far removed as to be called a new species could at last be attained. There is no evidence that this is possible; on the contrary, the experiments of fifty years show that by continued selection in any one direction the limit of elasticity is reached in one or two generations, after which a return to mediocrity occurs. Villmorin's experiments on this line have shown that what was thought to require the work of ages can be accomplished at once, perhaps in one selection, if only we know definitely which of the many possible characters we want. The tough uneatable wild carrot, by a few years' care and two or three selections of seed from the biggest roots, has yielded a good edible carrot. Improved "races" of wheat are continually being produced in part by selection and in part by blending of stocks. The unsurpassable goal along a certain line is attained immediately, but after some years the vitality of that stock becomes exhausted and has to be replaced by a freshly-created blend from the common stock.

During the ages in which man has had plants and animals under domestication, mutations have doubtless occurred from time to time, and by reason of their novelty, if not always of their

utility, such forms would be picked out and bred from by their possessor. Our domestic varieties are to be explained as arising in this way, and the preservation of their stock from interbreeding, or perhaps also experimentation in cross-breeding, would suffice to produce such an exaggerated inference in regard to man's powers as that of Plato. The experiments of fifty years go to show that all that selection can do is to bring out any quality already possessed, but that to transgress the limits of the species is impossible. The measure of elasticity in any one direction is quickly reached and further selection is met by a swift return to mediocrity. If the above line of experiment and trend of thought is true, it follows that the basal principle of Eugenics falls to the ground. To quote an exponent of the eugenist gospel: "selective parenthood, natural or conscious, is alone capable of raising our race or preventing its degeneration."¹ Eugenics is an application to human life of the current form of the evolution theory. The weak link in the evolution theory has been the attribution of creative power to selection.

It is upon that very link that the eugenist has hung his case. Natural selection having failed in human life it must be replaced, he declares, by conscious selection. And now we find that selection has no creative power whatever! It would appear, therefore, that Eugenics is an untimely birth. If the Mutation Theory is true, then the possibility of producing a superman by selection is excluded. One surmises that had the knowledge of mutations come earlier, Eugenics would never have been born.

Once the conception of the universal kinship of living things, and of a continuous creation, had become clear and convincing we were bound to look at

human life in this relation, and men have freely spoken of "social evolution." The dazzling analogy between the secular progress in human life and the biological evolution of living organisms has blinded men to a distinction of such moment that it should now be focused so clearly that every intelligent person may grasp it and never again lose sight of it. What commonly goes by the name of "social evolution" is not the evolution of man as a biological species, but the evolution of human institutions, such as man's increasing power over nature through his invention of new tools, and the moulding of his environment by changes in the social system both consciously and unconsciously produced. This analysis gives a clear grasp of two rival conceptions as to the meaning of human progress. To the eugenist progress consists of changes embodied in the human material itself—he would say more complex nervous matter chiefly; to the socialist progress consists in the elaboration of such conditions that the intrinsic individuality of all members of society shall have opportunity of realization and unfold its innate powers. Indeed, concealed beneath this scientific controversy is the age-long struggle of the few and the many.

By that momentous mutation that occurred some while before, the Great Ice Age Man arrived. That skull of his was as capacious as it now is. There, without further changes in physique, were the promise and potency of the man that is to be. Not through a struggle for existence of man against man, but through the co-operative life of the tribe, did the truly human qualities emerge—language, thought, and conscience. Then history dawned, with the attempted parasitism of man upon man, slavery culminating in empire. What we call social progress is in reality the piece-

¹ Whetham, "Science and the Human Mind" (1912), p. 256.

meal overthrow of that parasitism, a social struggle which itself has had value in the production of individuality, but whose victory will be the equal opportunity of each member of the human species to attain to a fully-developed personality.

During a certain late phase of this social struggle there arose a condition of human life characterized by an individual struggle of man with man within the social group such as had never appeared before. This anomalous condition of man was reflected in the minds of certain thinkers in that epoch as the essential condition of man and indeed of all living things. They read nature by human nature. Accepting what appeared inevitable, they told us to rejoice in it—if we could. They told us that in this struggle lay the salvation of the race. But lo! the results of it began to appear in such physical degeneration that some of the foremost philosophers of the struggle for existence took alarm, and have raised the cry that unless we adopt an artificial selection based on knowledge that they offer to collect for us the race will be lost.

The struggle for existence in human life which first gave the clue to the evolutionist now stands condemned by the natural selectionists themselves as incapable of doing for human life that very thing which they yet think it has performed for the whole realm of living things! To make clear this paradox let us state it in other words. It was the tide of handless men surging toward the towns, competing with each other for even less than subsistence wages, during the ruthless youth of the Industrial Epoch, that produced in the mind of Malthus his gloomy presentiment of the eternal necessity of over-population and starvation—a clergyman indeed of little faith. The reading of Malthus, as both Darwin and Wallace acknowl-

edge, suggested their principle of evolution by the survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence. Now that more than a century has passed and the result of this human struggle has been so pitiful, some are explaining that the "fittest" does not mean the "best," others are blaming such mitigations of the struggle as exist in the forms of mercy and charity, true and false alike.

At last it seems possible to advance a contention, the reverse of that for which science has contended so long;—the struggle for existence of man with man, so far from being our "natural" state is a condition which falls below the truly human standard.

A certain dim idea is now seeking expression in human consciousness. Man, it is felt, is destined to master the struggle for existence in which he finds himself involved. With the resources of machinery the necessities of life might even now be increased to any amount. But the dreamers who possess this idea have been met hitherto by the answer that in removing the struggle for existence the garment so deftly woven by nature would begin to unravel—that degeneration would inevitably set in. This stultifying reply to the idealists now falls to the ground, for since the struggle for existence *has not created* the human species, the abrogation of that struggle cannot uncreate it. To declare that "over-production is the first step towards progress; selection is its necessary corollary,"⁴ is to support that chaotic social order which man assuredly will transcend.

The parasitism of man upon man has been the main cause of such degeneracy as exists, a cause which the eugenist is likely to ignore. But from Plato until to-day the defence of aristocracy has been the assertion that it possesses certain innate racial differ-

⁴ Whetham, "Heredity and Society," p. 122.

ences, in short, that it is better born. So the eugenists are teaching that "successful nations have bred different qualities into different sections of their people," and that "this differentiation of type into so-called classes . . . is essential to the maintenance of progress."¹ Thus it appears that just in this era which beholds a world-wide democracy coming to self-consciousness, preliminary to the final overthrow of human parasitism, however veiled its form, the eugenists are elaborating the last defence of class distinctions, representing them as resting on innate superiority.

It is beyond denial that certain degenerate traits are inherited, such as insanity and tendency to phthisical disease; but are these the property of any particular class? They are not. Nor in view of the familiar effects of occupation upon physique and character can the eugenist's contention that the various strata of society have their inbred nature, be for a moment sustained. The gait of the miner, as the

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facial expression of the cleric, or the thumb of the miller of old, are characters which if inherited would go far to prove that the stratification of society is a natural arrangement. But Weissman's invaluable contribution has been the shattering of the once-prevalent superstition that characters acquired in an individual's life-time are heritable by his children.

To bring about the maximization of man requires not the elaboration of a new moral code; not, as Nietzsche frankly demands, a breaking with morality that the stronger beast may multiply most; but first and foremost the recognition that man is an end in himself, and not as in our present social system a mere means for producing material wealth. And a contributory aid to the greater life of man will be the dissemination of such facts concerning heredity as will fortify the lay mind against those imposing weapons for quelling democracy newly forged by the eugenists.

J. Parton Milum.

COLOR-BLIND.

BY ALICE PERRIN.

CHAPTER XVII.

On an evening in the following week the Rani and Munia visited the theatre with Miss Fleetwood. They were guarded by Heera Lal, the solemn, elderly individual who acted as a species of aide-de-camp to his young relative the Rajah of Rotah. At the last moment Leela declared she was afraid to go, though what it was she feared nobody could elicit from her—probably she did not know herself—and she was left in the gossiping company of the ayahs, contented enough with their

talk, her hookah, and a goodly supply of betel-nut.

The ladies occupied a box, while Heera Lal sat in the stalls below. To Fay's amusement he rose at the end of the first act and stationed himself at a point where he could view his charges until the lights were again lowered, when he marched back to his seat.

"He is afraid we shall go out by ourselves!" said Munia, and mischievously she endeavored to persuade the Rani to hide before the next act was over, so that Heera Lal might be terrified by the awful suspicion that Miss Fleetwood had allowed them to leave the

¹ Whetham, "Heredity and Society," pp. 70, 141.

theatre! But the Rani crossly declined to be led into the undignified prank.

She and Munia sat very far back in the box that they might raise their vells to watch the performance, which at first appeared to interest and amuse the Rani; while Munia was on wires with excitement, and at one moment so far forgot herself as to clap her hands and cry "Shabash" (bravo) to the great entertainment of both audience and players. But later the Rani grew fidgety and morose, and finally requested that Heera Lal should be bidden to summon the carriage.

"But the tamasha is not nearly at an end!" protested Munia, almost crying.

The Rani paid no heed to her, and even when Fay inquired with solicitude if she were feeling indisposed she would not answer, but sat mummy-like in her wrappings till the carriage was announced, and left the theatre still without a word. Not until they had started homeward did she give any hint as to the reason of her action.

Then she burst out indignantly: "It is a shameful thing to see women kiss men openly, and kick up their legs, and behave like mad people!"

"They are nautch-girls," said Munia as if in explanation.

"Pff!" said the Rani, and flipped her fingers. "In truth are the English a strange race where women folk are in question. Is it no disgrace to a man that his wife and daughters should bare their necks and arms for all men to gaze upon and sit thus to view a shameless tamasha such as we have beheld but now? Their wives and daughters are also without shame."

She used the last word in its relation to modesty—a virtue ingrained in the nature of the Eastern female despite the lack of confidence in her purity displayed by her men-kind;—or is it that the male Oriental is too nervously conscious that were his ladies

free from purdah imprisonment he could not rely on the honor and integrity of his own sex?

At first Fay burned to argue with the Rani on the subject of social systems—to point out that every country has its own views which call for different treatment of the female, to remind her that Eastward the "nautch girl" holds a high position in public estimation, whereas in the West she occupies the very lowest. . . . Fay longed to remind the Rani that in India if a girl is not married before she is fourteen she is generally regarded as a disgrace to her home; that when a daughter is born it is counted as a misfortune; that when a widow dies there is relief if not actual rejoicing; that a man may espouse more than one wife if he can afford the expense, so reducing women to the level of cattle, or at best comparing them to an indulgence that can only be measured by income.

Yet she checked her tongue and sat silent. Of what avail to parley on the particular point of sex when on almost every item of existence the East and the West are diametrically opposed in thought and outlook? Despite such anomalies as Fay quoted to herself, she recognized impartially that on the whole the Eastern was more patient, more tolerant in his own fashion than his Western brother, that he acted as to him seemed right, blindly, according to centuries of rule and rite, whereas the Western, so individual in his outlook, more often outraged the moral standards of his country in face of what he well knew to be the claims of the majority.

It all came to this—what was virtue in the East might be regarded as depravity in the West, and what was harmless enough in the West might be looked upon with horror and astonishment by the East. And efforts to convert the moral convictions of the one to the moral convictions of the other

could only result in chaos and bewilderment. Therefore Fay made no attempt to defend her country men or women from the little Rani's censure, being uncomfortably aware that according to Indian interpretation the censure was not unjustified.

"Never again will I behold, or be seen at such a tamasha," declared the Rani; and her decision was welcomed by Fay who had no wish for a repetition of the evening's unpleasant experience. But Munia uttered rebellious protests and was sharply rebuked by her superior. A quarrel between the two seemed imminent when happily their attention was diverted by a fire engine that thundered past on the other side of the street with ringing shouts and the clanging of bells, and the desperate, exciting racket of harnessed horses speeding at full gallop. . . .

June days passed. Fay with the little Indian group of ladies and liveried attendants made various expeditions, and visited innocuous places of amusement; but often the Rani preferred to remain in her rooms, complaining of the bad effect on her health of English air and water, and on these days Munia would steal to the apartments of "Miss Fe-litter-wood" and beg for a lesson in English, or for interesting information concerning the world in general. Fay enjoyed the company of the young Indian girl who picked up scraps of knowledge so readily, who was so quick to perceive and comprehend. In these brief hours of instruction Munia made astonishing progress, and Fay was surprised to discover how shrewdly and wholesomely her little pupil reasoned and thought for herself.

Fay found that she had ample time to spare, though her hours of freedom were necessarily irregular. Now and again she wondered how it was that she saw so comparatively little of Captain Somerton. She had anticipated

pleasant conversations with him, such as she had enjoyed on the first evening of her arrival at the hotel, perhaps to occasional little outings in his company. Often she longed to relate amusing episodes to him; sometimes she would have been glad of his advice in small matters connected with the Rani. A suggestion crept into her mind, was he avoiding her purposely for any reason? But she dismissed the idea as absurd. He could have no possible object in keeping out of her way; it was merely that he and Rotah were fully occupied. They had been out of London on visits to Oxford, to Cambridge, to Paris, for week-ends to one or two great country houses; and when in town they were always busy sight-seeing, or attending fashionable functions.

The Rajah Fay saw even less often than she saw Captain Somerton. Very occasionally they met in the Rani's sitting room, or in the hall of the hotel, when he would linger with her for a few minutes in polite, commonplace conversation. Invariably he said how much he was enjoying his visit to England; but to Fay he appeared grave, brooding, as though a weight were on his spirit, and the fire seemed to have gone from his handsome eyes.

One afternoon as she came down the staircase she saw Rotah standing by a window in the hall looking out into the street with weary gaze. For the moment he was quite alone, unconscious of any scrutiny, and involuntarily she stopped to contemplate the high-bred, melancholy profile with the full line of eyelid, and dusky fringe of lashes. The white-clad figure, so unusual in the prosaic hall of an English hotel, reminded her acutely of burning sunshine and strong perfumes, and vast dry spaces, reminded her of India; and she lingered, revelling in memories. He stood immovable, in the same dreamy attitude, and she felt a great

pity for him, suspecting that he was heavily oppressed with apprehension of the future. She knew that soon he was to assume a weighty responsibility, rendered all the more onerous by the training he had received and the moral discipline he had assimilated. Also that in all probability he must stand in mental solitude, surrounded by influences that no longer appealed to him, bound by obligations that must revolt his reason. How sincerely Fay wished that his Rani could have been different, could have entered as a true companion into his mind and heart and ambitions! The girl's Western instincts recoiled from the idea of a second marriage for him under the present circumstances; and yet it might bring him happiness, especially if little Munia—Fay controlled her thoughts and went back again up the staircase, reluctant to encounter the Rajah at that moment.

As for the Rani, Fay grew uneasy about her. Each day she seemed less inclined to exert herself, and now that English surroundings were no longer a novelty, she tired of drives and mild expeditions. Even shopping failed to please her after a time. She refused invitations without a semblance of excuse, and would lie for hours, idle, on her big brass bedstead, eating sweets or puffing listlessly her hookah. She obtained her wish to meet the Queen Empress, and was presented privately by the wife of the Secretary of State for India, and for a day or two the event aroused her from her apathy. She returned from the interview agape with curiosity and wonder, and plied Fay vigorously with extraordinary questions concerning royal customs, many of which it was impossible to answer. But the excitement subsided, and the Rani sank again into lethargy and sloth.

For some time back a visit to Mrs. Fleetwood had been talked of; the

Rani and the Rajah were to visit her together. But until lately Fay's mother and sisters were away, Marion on visits to Sir Rowland Curtice's relations, Isabel and Mrs. Fleetwood for a change to the seaside. Now the two latter were home again and Fay was anxious that a day should be decided upon, hoping that the effort might act as a fresh mental stimulus to the Rani, who betrayed a certain amount of interest in Miss Fleetwood's home. She inquired how many servants they kept, how many rooms there were in the house, what kind of a carriage they drove about in. But as Fay replied to these queries the Rani's manner grew more distant till it seemed as though she were debating within her mind if she should condescend to visit such an obviously humble establishment. Eventually, however, a day was fixed, but on the previous evening the Rani proposed that the arrangement should be reversed—that she should receive Mrs. Fleetwood at the hotel instead of travelling herself to Norbledon.

"There is much to do," said the Rani languidly and without truth, "and my health troubles me."

"If you do not feel well enough to go, my mother will be sorry not to see you. It is as you please," said Fay stiffly, for she realized that the Rani was giving herself airs. Otherwise, had the little woman been really ill, she would have answered for her mother's agreement to the change of plan without hesitation.

Clearly the Rani was in a mood perverse this evening, and Fay was not sorry to part with the veiled group at the door of their suite of rooms after a drive in the Park, rendered wretched by the lady's peevishness and arrogance. And when she bade them "Good night" Fay was still in doubt as to whether the visit to Norbledon arranged for the following afternoon was to take place or not. Next morn-

ing, not altogether to her surprise, she received a polite message excusing her from attendance on the Rani for that day. Her Highness was indisposed, repeated one of the ayahs like a parrot, and desired to remain undisturbed, since to leave her room was out of the question. If the excuses and apologies of Her Highness might be conveyed to the burra-memsahib the Rani would ever pray for the welfare of the entire Fleetwood family, &c.

Disheartened, Fay went home that morning, and in the afternoon Captain Somerton, with Heera Lal and the Rajah of Rotah, drove down to Norbleton in an electric landaulette. From the dining-room window Fay viewed their arrival with some amusement. A crowd of errand boys, loafers, and nursemaids with children had collected unaccountably—perhaps the news had been spread by the Fleetwoods' maids that Combe Down was to be honored by a visit this afternoon from a "black prince."

As the party alighted Rotah looked surprised, Heera Lal undisguisedly contemptuous—evidently they had not anticipated that the widow and daughters of a Commissioner would have inhabited this description of dwelling. Presently they were all seated in the drawing-room, Captain Somerton talking to Fay and Isabel, Heera Lal balanced on the edge of his chair, his patent leather toes awkwardly turned in, while Mrs. Fleetwood and Rotah made civil converse, much as they would have done in the drawing-room of an Anglo-Indian bungalow.

"How do you like England, Rajah-sahib?" Mrs. Fleetwood inquired.

She sat with a tangle of knitting in her lap and spoke with some effort. Her visitor recalled to her mind so vividly the old days in India, when a Rajah's equipage with outriders would sweep up to the front veranda with pomp and clatter, and halt noisily un-

der the great portico, and all the servants would rush to receive the important guest who might be of the highest possible caste, yet barely able to pay for the food of his horses, whereas another might be a millionaire and yet unalterably the social inferior of even certain of the Commissioner's servants who conducted the arrival into the bungalow. Truly has India been called a land of contradictions! . . .

Again Mrs. Fleetwood visualized the sunny compound through long open doors, heard the drowsy murmur of native voices outside, saw her husband's tall figure seated opposite his Indian friend, with grey head courteously inclined as he discussed orthodox topics—weather, crop prospects, local matters of agricultural interest. Whimsically she remembered an occasion when a very stout Rajah had come to grief in her drawing-room owing to his choice of a chair unable to support such an unaccustomed weight. How the fallen gentleman had sat silent, sedate, on the floor till his host and his attendants helped him to his feet and to another seat that was more secure—when the conversation was continued as though nothing had occurred to interrupt it.

All those old days were gone, with their happy contentment, and varied scenes, and the sunshine, the work, the pleasant social intercourse. Almost she doubted sometimes if they had ever really been. She sat and smiled vacantly as Rotah described what he had seen and done and bought since he came to England, till mindful of her guest's feelings she exerted herself and inquired how the Rani liked London, expressed regret that she should be ill, promised to call upon her, though adding that now she herself seldom went to London, which was true.

Rotah, recalling her sympathetic friendliness towards him as a boy in India, felt newly drawn towards this

motherly, gentle lady, and told her how deeply he appreciated the attention and kindness shown by her youngest daughter towards his wife and his wife's companions, said how much she had done to reconcile the Rani to surroundings that were inevitably so strange and bewildering. Otherwise the visit was correctly conventional, and of course Rotah and Heera Lal would have sat for ever had their hostess not been familiar with Eastern etiquette. As it was, when she gave them the orthodox permission to take leave, Heera Lal was already rubbing his eye with his forefinger, and Rotah was keeping still on his chair with palpable self-control.

Fay went with them to the little iron gate. She was not returning to London till next morning. Captain Somerton raised his hat, Rotah and Heera Lal made profound salaams. Then as the motor moved smoothly away, Clive Somerton turned his head to look once more at Fay Fleetwood standing hatless in the commonplace gateway, one slim hand guarding her eyes from the glow of the afternoon sun. And in that moment Fay saw something in the man's face that sent a strange thrill through her being—as if a mist had rolled back suddenly from her understanding and given her a glimpse of some wondrous possibility hitherto unimagined. Amazed, even alarmed, she turned hastily and went back into the house; and the motor disappeared round the corner at the bottom of the road.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The drive back to London was a silent one. Rotah seemed moody, and discouraged remarks from Heera Lal. Somerton was deep in his own thoughts. The future was a blank to him; his mind circled aimlessly around the fact that love was not to be controlled by human will, though its ful-

filment could be thwarted, deliberately eschewed, at a cost that might or might not be worth the price to the one strong enough to pay it. He did not doubt his own strength to resist the sweet insistent call; he only questioned whether once ignored irrevocably he might not still hear it to the never-ending disturbance of his peace—or, on the other hand, should he succumb, declaring his love, and meet with rebuff and refusal would not his condition be more than ever painful?

Somerton resented the situation, resented also his own indecision, resented his entire ignorance of Fay's feeling towards him, and his reluctance to test that feeling. He believed that if he felt assured of her reciprocation he would delay his love-making no longer—but he was too old now to risk disappointment, to endanger the contentment and tranquillity of life that his tastes and pursuits had hitherto secured to him. If he did not marry Fay Fleetwood he knew he should never want to marry any one else, and he could count on sport and work and egotistical independence to take the place of domestic joys and satisfaction. Never having experienced the latter it should be all the easier to do without them.

When the car stopped at the hotel, Somerton was about to direct the chauffeur to take him on to his own rooms, when Rotah asked him, with a certain diffident hesitation, to come inside for a few moments.

"I want to talk a little," said Rotah, "if you don't mind?"

"Certainly," and with readiness Clive accompanied the Rajah to his private rooms.

Rotah, on entering the sitting-room, evicted the pundit who sat cross-legged on the floor with an open book of sacred writings before him—also dismissed an orderly, and a nondescript person who was neither servant nor

equal. Then he invited his friend to be seated, offered him a cigarette which was accepted, and a whisky and soda which was declined. Rotah lit a cigarette himself, and moved restlessly about the room.

"What's wrong?" asked Somerton in a tone of friendly encouragement. He could see that something disturbed the youth's mind.

Rotah drew in his breath quickly. "That house?" he said, with what was practically a sob.

"What house?" inquired Somerton, puzzled.

Rotah gazed with tragic eyes. "Mrs. Fleetwood's house. Why do they live in it?"

"Because it suits them, I suppose. They are not at all well off." Somerton wondered if Rotah had suddenly gone crazy.

"But so small, and inferior! and of no account. No compound, no stables, only women servants. And this, after all they were used to in India, the honor, and the comfort, the—the *izat*," he used his country's own word for prestige.

Somerton looked away and sighed. He felt unwilling to meet the concern, the distress, the indignation in the boy's countenance, because he knew how hard it would be to appease and reassure him, to explain away such apparent hardship and disproportion, such lowering of social *status*, as judged by Oriental standards.

"Yes," he said with reservation, concealing his true comprehension of Rotah's disquietude. "I daresay it appears extraordinary, but you must remember that people don't expect to live in the same way when they come home as they did in India. You yourself might as well expect to live in India as you are living now in London, with electric light and telephones, and every description of Western contrivance to save time and labor. Labor is

so cheap in the East and so prohibitively expensive in the West! The Fleetwoods were officials in India, too, with a position to keep up," he concluded, conscious that it was a lame conclusion.

"Then are Mrs. Fleetwood and her daughters of no consequence in England?" inquired Rotah.

"Of no particular consequence, I suppose," admitted Somerton. "But picture the position of a widow of your people living alone with unmarried daughters," he added, in unwise comparison.

Suddenly Rotah lost control of himself. He beat on the table with clenched fists, his dark eyes were ablaze.

"Always this contrasting of our customs with the customs of England!" he stuttered, lapsing under pressure of the moment's emotion into colloquial Hindustani. "With us, in our class of life, what woman has to work, to submit to loss of dignity, whether she be widow or maid, to live in a manner unbefitting to her birth and caste, to take money for services in the manner of the working women of the people? Where are the men of England that they should permit such infamy! With us, when a man has the means, or even when he has not, would he suffer the most distant of his kinswomen to earn her bread? As long as he has food and home and money, however much or less, at his command, is it not all available to the women of his house and family? Need any one of them sink in the eyes of the world? Such a state of affairs, with us, would be utterly unendurable—a shame and disgrace to our manhood!"

He ceased, breathing loudly, and gazed with feverish, excited eyes at Captain Somerton, whose face flushed red beneath the tanned skin. For a second the Englishman was speechless with conflicting sensations, with amaze-

ment, perplexity, even dismay; and, before he could find words to answer, the boy began again, and betrayed, more definitely, the real clue to his outburst of indignation.

—"The daughter of the Commissioner has to work, to take money from me, or from anybody who will buy her services. Her home is of no account, and her people live like people who are beneath them . . . she, the little lady with the pale hands and the eyes like moonbeams, who should have jewels and servants, and all that wealth and homage could lay at her feet—"

The shaking, excited voice stopped again abruptly, and the silence was almost as startling to Clive Somerton as had been the torrent of words preceding it. Like many Englishmen, notwithstanding his genuine comprehension of and affection for the Oriental character, it had never previously occurred to him that the Oriental of any class or position might be capable of an attitude similar to his own in relation to women. Unconsciously he had drifted into the same blind indifference which Englishwomen are prone, unfortunately, to permit themselves over such questions in India—an ignoring of sex that will allow of a mem-sahib perceiving nothing indecorous in the fact of an Indian man-servant making her bed and tidying her room, who will appear before her male domestics, serenely, in dressing gown and curling pins, whereas she would condemn such laxity in England without mercy. That such carelessness may tend to lower Oriental respect for the English female in general does not always appear to enter into the calculations of educated women, who might be credited with clearer mental perceptions. . . .

Now here, before Clive Somerton, was an unexpected complication—a case of an Oriental who, by reason of the Western teachings he had imbibed in the right spirit, and the tendencies

of his own rather exceptional temperament, was threatened definitely with danger, if indeed the mischief had not already been done, of "falling in love" in the highest sense, intellectually as well as with heart and senses—the object of his attachment a girl whose race, religion, beliefs, and social outlook must place her hopelessly and forever beyond his reach.

In a flash of realization Somerton remembered Rotah's mysterious hint regarding an influence for good that no other guidance could ever quite equal. Was it this that he had meant?—yet when, where, how, could such an influence have had the chance to become tangible, to become more than the vaguest shadow of a dream? . . . Clive Somerton's first feeling as he realized the significance of Rotah's outburst was one of almost maniacal antagonism, for, unconsciously, he was in the grip of that primitive sense of repulsion innate in white-skinned humanity towards the notion of race admixture with a dark-skinned people—a repulsion arising from Nature's tendency to breed upwards, not downwards. It was this instinct that impelled the Aryan to preserve his caste, otherwise color, that he, the fair-complexioned invader of higher type and "perfect" language, might avoid complete absorption into the dark, aboriginal races of the country he had colonized and conquered.

Consciously, all that Somerton recognized for the moment was that Rotah represented a people whose domestic system might be summarized in the words "ladies last," that though these same people were of high and ancient origin and civilization it was yet, according to British views, a civilization devoid of trust in the fidelity of women under conditions of personal and social freedom—a civilization that could allow of honorable intercourse with the courtesan, yet deem the wife an indelicate

subject of inquiry, and prohibit her from sharing a meal with her husband.

That from an Eastern standpoint such notions had a different aspect, an opposite application, Somerton was, temporarily, too impatient to consider. In other circumstances he would have remembered that, to the Oriental, women are possessions of value, representing the moral wealth and honor of his house, and as such must be guarded, protected, secluded from public gaze, not to be shared in the very smallest degree with "the man in the street." To the orthodox Asiatic the fact that the Western feels no reluctance in permitting his women-kind to mingle freely with the opposite sex—feels no shame that they should expose their faces, not to mention neck, arms, and bosom, to the general gaze is simply proof positive of the coarseness, barbarity, and indifference of his attitude towards the female, and of the immodest propensities of the Western female herself. What is regarded as moral elevation in one hemisphere is despised as moral degradation in the other, each outlook having its own excellent value; and, so far, no comfortable medium has been struck between the two.

Therefore Clive Somerton was hardly to be censured for his wrathful feelings, quickened as they were by the personal element in the situation; for him the question at issue was not so much a review of the sex problem judged by the inverse views of East and West, as of the connection in such a question of the name of Fay Fleetwood—the only woman in the world who had power to stir his heart and affections.

He took command of his impulses with a supreme effort that entailed hard self-restraint, while Rotah stood by the table in sulky silence, superbly, exasperatingly handsome in his native dress and jewels, like a prince in a

fairy tale—indeed Clive Somerton tried hard to convince himself that the whole position of affairs was a species of fairy story, unreal, not to be taken seriously, a mole-hill not to be converted by ill-balanced thought into an unscalable height.

He affected carelessness. "I don't think you need feel disturbed on Miss Fleetwood's account," he said. "She works from choice, not from necessity, and you don't quite realize that conditions of existence in England are entirely different from those in India. What Mrs. Fleetwood pays for the house you saw this afternoon which appeared to you so insignificant, would rent a large bungalow in India; and the wages and food of her three or four women servants would about equal the cost of a full establishment out there—" He mandered on, to gain time, to conceal his perturbation. to evade, if possible, the plain speaking he feared was Rotah's determined intention.

Rotah's face was set, his eyes sombre. "If a Hindu lady were to marry an English gentleman would she be expected to conform to his customs and ways, and the laws of his country and caste?"

"Yes," said Somerton, reluctantly.

"And if an English lady married a Hindu gentleman—what then?"

Somerton, now in complete mastery of himself, looked at the other steadily.

"Rotah," he said, "can you imagine an English lady conforming to the customs of your caste and country? And suppose, for the sake of argument, you had an English wife yourself—what would your people think of a woman who went about unveiled as your consort, who expected to meet men more or less on an equality, who would tolerate no rivals, legal or otherwise?"

Rotah winced and Somerton continued without mercy: "It's the question of sex that brings about what a certain

section of your countrymen, and mine, denounce as lack of sympathy on the part of the British in India towards Indians. Since the beginning the East has relegated women to the level of possessions, entirely subservient to man's convenience. Every right-minded Briton would want to pummel the Oriental who expressed his true views on the subject of sex, just as no self-respecting Indian of the orthodox school would permit his ladies to conduct themselves as our ladies may conduct themselves in public. No Indian can stand by and see his wife making friends with an Englishman without being rendered acutely uncomfortable, and no Englishman is pleased to see his wife making much of a native of India if he understands the Oriental attitude towards the feminine world. It's a wide gulf, Rotah, my boy, and how are we going to bridge it? Are we to shut our women up and practise polygamy, or are you to let your women loose and practise monogamy in order to bring about equal social intercourse and 'sympathy' between the East and the West, such as idealists rant of? I tell you, as long as there's an immeasurable difference of feeling over women there never can be true sympathy, or whatever any one chooses to call it, between two races. Polygamy is lawful with you, and it's unlawful with us. After that, there's very little more to be said!"

Somerton rose, trusting he had skated successfully over a hazardous spot, but to his embarrassment and consternation Rotah broke down. Still standing, he covered his face with his arm, and his shoulders shook.

"Why was I not let alone?" he said in piteous protest. "Why was I shown a different side to everything, so making me unsatisfied with the ways and customs of my ancestors? Why should desires have been put into my heart, when at the same time am I for-

bidden to fulfil them? How miserable I am—how miserable must I always be—"

He raised his head. His face was drawn and wet. Somerton went to him and laid a kind, firm hand on the boy's shoulder. "Come, Rotah, pull yourself together—be thankful you are capable of seeing the different side to everything—that you aren't a stupid, vain-glorious mass of self-indulgence, but a real good fellow, with a heart and soul and brain you can be proud of."

Rotah straightened his shapely figure. The emotional tears were gone, his lips met firmly, and no longer tremulous and parted. He moved away from Somerton's touch; yet courteously without a hint of petulance; then looked straight into the other's eyes.

"You understand?" he asked with deliberate significance.

"Yes," said Somerton quietly, "I understand. And I am sorry."

The pause that followed lasted but a few seconds, yet for Somerton they might have been hours, judged by the importance of the mental crisis through which he passed during the brief space of time. For in those moments all his own doubts and vacillations left him—left him possessed by a firm, clear purpose and resolve. He knew that he was going to ask Fay Fleetwood to be his wife, that should she consent his happiness would be supreme, without flaw or regret, that should she refuse he would relinquish hope and endeavor only when he saw her the wife of another man. He was conscious of an exultant excitement, something of the same description of feeling he experienced when riding for a high fence on an eager horse—it might mean ignominious downfall, it might mean triumphant achievement.

Then he became aware that Rotah was regarding him intently—and he found himself a little disconcerted. So

vivid, so emphatic had been his thoughts that it seemed almost as if they might have been audible. Indeed he was scarcely surprised to hear Rotah asking him the question: "You are going to marry her—Miss Fleetwood?" And he answered, unemotionally: "That is my great hope."

With his last words there came a loud knock at the door, the abruptness of its demand dispersing the mental tenseness of the atmosphere. Somerton went to the door and opened it. A veiled figure confronted him.

"Her Highness the Rani feels worse," came a squeaky, affected voice from beneath enveloping folds of cotton. "She desires that a doctor-sahib be summoned."

Custom instantly laid her iron hand on Rotah's spirit. "What is that? A doctor-sahib?" he said, and frowned as he came forward. He turned to Somerton, "Are there not lady doctors of high repute in London? Can it be arranged to send for the best one known?"

"Certainly," said Somerton. He left the room at once to make inquiries and give necessary orders, and as he went he remembered that it was not so much the Rani's health that had been Rotah's first thought as consideration for his own Eastern honor.

Fay returned to duty next morning to find the Rani's rooms in a more than usually chaotic condition. The Rani herself was in bed, morose, depressed, feverish. Leela and Munia were tearful and helpless; the waiting women ostentatiously overcome with concern. The moment Miss Fleetwood arrived the Rani turned the four of them out of the room, and besought her friend to sit beside the bed and give her comfort.

"Truly, sister, the gods be wroth with me for coming to this accursed country!" wailed the little woman, who had brought a bad bilious attack

upon herself by her indulgence in accustomed sweetmeats and her unhealthy mode of life. She was already weak with sickness and a high temperature, and her face had become a sickly brown, the color of licorice powder. She looked very uncomfortable, too, in the English bed with its high, thick mattress. Fay felt sure she would have preferred to curl up outside on the quilt in a nest of pillows and blankets.

"I wish I had never crossed the black water," she continued peevishly. "The air and the water of England do not agree with my health."

"But, Rani, I think you are only a little upset, and you just have a touch of fever, which you know you get so easily. Remember how ill you were all last year in India and how much better you have been since you came to England. I expect the change has really done you good."

"Yes, it is true I was ill in India. I know that. I was ill from the time my little boy died. Since he was born I have had no happiness—it was because he was called by his right name, instead of a name to deceive the spirits of evil, so in jealousy they took him."

"Rani, don't be so silly—you know what he was called could not have had anything to do with his death," said Fay gently. "And if you take care of yourself, and go out more and cease eating so much, perhaps another baby will come to comfort you."

"Oh!" whimpered the Rani. "If only I had another baby all would be well. It is a disgrace to have no son, and the Rajah is vexed, and maybe he will love me no longer and take a new wife." She cried, pitifully, like a child, with loud sniffs, rubbing her eyes and nose with her little ringed hands.

Fay learned presently that on the previous evening the Rani had felt sure she was dying, just as she had

felt sure she was dying on board ship, and had requested the Rajah to send for a doctor.

"And a doctor-mem came," went on the patient, reviving as she talked, "but by then I felt better and I would not permit her to enter. I bade them dismiss her and tell her to come again in the morning when you would be here to understand what she said."

The Rani was well satisfied with her own action in the matter, but Fay wondered privately how the lady doctor had viewed such cavalier treatment. However, she said cheerfully; "Well, I hope she will come. She will give you something to make you well, and then you will feel happy again."

She stayed with the invalid, telling her stories and distracting her mind from her woes, till, rather to Fay's surprise, the lady doctor was announced—a tall, thin woman, with a clever, sympathetic face, and a strong personality that inspired the Rani with confidence, as well as reducing her to humble submission. "No stamina whatever," was her verdict, given afterwards to Fay in confidence. "And as to the question she asked so persistently, I was obliged to prevaricate as you probably perceived, but frankly I think it extremely unlikely that she will have any more children."

"I'm glad you didn't tell her," said Fay. "It means such a frightful lot to a woman of her race and position."

"Does it?" Like many other clever, capable people who have never been to the East, the lady doctor knew nothing of the religious customs and inner history of India. The country held no interest for her. "Well," she said, indifferent to that side of the case. "The tonic will pick her up directly the temperature is normal. She must regulate her diet, and I think the sooner she gets out of London the better."

She mentioned a famous "cure

place" on the Continent, and advised a course of baths and waters.

"I will suggest it to the Rani," said Fay, "but I don't for a moment imagine she will agree to go."

Fay was right. The Rani declared that nothing should persuade her to travel anywhere but back to India,—not even when Fay hinted that perhaps the treatment might improve the prospect of a successor to the little dead boy.

"No, no!" she protested with vehemence. "It would only kill me. If I bathe in any water or drink any water for my health, it shall be the water of the holy Ganges river. How could any other water do me good? I will return to Hindustan, and when I get out there safely will I make a pilgrimage to a certain sacred shrine and obtain a charm that has never been known to fail. This year would I have gone had it not been for this evil journey to England which I was so loath to make."

She flung herself from side to side, and Fay tried to pacify her, fearing a return of fever, but the Rani would listen to no persuasions or advice, and only joined her hands together in pathetic supplication, beseeching Fay to ask Captain Somerton to tell the Rajah she wished to go back—to induce him to persuade the Rajah to leave England without further delay.

"What is there left to wait for?" she argued. "He has made his salaam to the King, I have made my salaam to the Queen. We have spent a great deal of money, and have acquired many beautiful things and wasted much time. I do not like this country, there is too much noise and there is no room and the sun is not the same sun. There is no sweetness in the air and the water, and—and I miss so much—I die of longing for my home and the life that I know and love."

She worked herself into a frenzy, even suggesting that the lady doctor

should be recalled and bribed with jewels and money to tell the Rajah that the life of his wife depended on an immediate departure for India. Finally, she fastened upon the idea that Fay should be her intermediary with Rotah, and endeavor to obtain his consent to the return of the entire party at once.

At last to quiet her Fay promised to do her best, though how she was to convince the Rajah of the wisdom of such a course she could not imagine.

Times.

(To be continued)

LAURENCE STERNE.

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

Not one of the very idlest dream-problems that one may let wave themselves before the half-shut eye of the mind is, whether Sterne would or would not have liked the idea of his life being written? He had, of course, vanity in plenty; and liked few things (except philandering) better than keeping his name and himself before the public. But he was an exceedingly shrewd person: and knew very well indeed that this particular way of keeping him before the public would have its dangers. Whether there was anything really "flagitious," and therefore to be hidden, in his actual conduct may be disputed by persons who do not allow mere charity to blind or distort judgment. But he was in the habit of keeping exceedingly doubtful (or not-doubtful) company; and he was in the habit of saying, and still more writing, equally doubtful or not doubtful things. "Why will fellows write such letters?" said a good-natured critic some years ago, after a scandal of the kind. The question may be difficult to answer, save by the ancient proverb about "Needs must—." But it is certain that not a few fellows (and those not always bad fellows) seem not to be able to help it, or not

It was hardly likely that her persuasions would have the effect of causing Rotah to alter his plans unless she could give him a more definite reason than that of a sudden whim on the part of the Rani. Especially as Fay herself felt it to be altogether selfish and unreasonable of the Rani to wish to curtail what might be her husband's only visit to England, to drag him back at a time of year when travelling to India was particularly inconvenient and uncomfortable.

to try to help it; and that this particular fellow with whom we deal was most conspicuously of their number. I have always thought that it was much to the credit of two persons who rather require additions to the credit side of their account—Hall-Stevenson and Wilkes—that they both refused the solicitations of Lydia Sterne de Medalle, to act as biographers. For they knew, better than anybody, the matter with which they would have to deal; and they knew, as well as anybody, that their hands would scarcely be likely to make any handling of it the better for his memory in the public eye. As for the wretched girl or woman herself, she has long since found her way to the particular *bolgia* of which Ham was the first recorded inhabitant, but which has received some denizens since—the abode of those who expose the weaknesses of their parents. But of late years—indeed for a very considerable time past—large new rummagings have been made into Sterniana; not, it is true, always without furnishing his defenders with some new materials for defence, but hardly ever without increasing the extent of the points where defence is necessary. Besides those who have dealt with

such matter as was before them critically, without searching for new—from Thackeray downwards through Mr. Traill and Mr. Henley to the present writer—Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, Sir Sidney Lee, Mr. Sichel, one or two American investigators, and most recently, Mr. Lewis Melville have added to the material itself. And considering the letter-and-diary-writing and generally gossiping character of the time at which Sterne lived; the nature, manners, and relations in society of the man himself; the various atmospheres in which he lived and the extent to which he was in the French sense "spread" in this world—one could never feel the least surprise at fresh accessions, if not of knowledge, at any rate of tittle-tattle in the future. Whether the ghastly story of the recognition of his body on the dissecting-table be fact or fable, whether the gossip of the footman (not an ordinary footman either) about his last moments be genuine or "faked"—it is equally clear that here is a memory of a peculiar character, a person and personality to which things happen that do not happen to others. Sterne cultivated the bizarre, during at any rate the latter part of his life, with rather excessive devotion; but this devotion was at least returned, for the bizarre itself attached itself to him, and some of the forms which it took were certainly "not convenient." Now these inconvenient things have, in his case, had a nasty habit of reversing the great old dial motto—"*imputantur et non pereunt.*" So that one always has an uneasy feeling that, when anything fresh about Sterne leaps to light, he is only too likely to be shamed.

On the other hand, though nothing of any importance has been added, or seems in the least likely to be added, to the "Works," they require less and less defence as time goes on. It was once, no doubt, a legitimate and to a

certain extent useful business to point out the so-called plagiarisms in them, because in not a few cases the books borrowed from were very little known and in some deserved to be made known, because in all cases the filiation of literary matters, if inoffensively dealt with, is of interest. But one of the consolations for pessimists at the present moment is that the dunce's employment of the word "plagiarism," as a terrible and final sentence of condemnation, has gone a good deal out of use. Some people, at any rate, have come to recognize that most things have been said, and that practically everything has been thought, before in substance; and that the only question is whether the present sayer and thinker has shown due skill and due individuality in his manner of thought and expression. There can be little dispute as to Sterne's having passed this latter test. Moreover, some of the queer authors whom the industry of Dr. Ferriar and others has ferreted out, would not do anybody much good if he read them at first hand. Of others, such as Rabelais, even second-hand knowledge is better than none.

So, too, of the famous black (or "blue-black") spot on Sterne's work generally. Something like an agreement that it is *chose jugée* ought to have been reached by this time. That is not a beauty-spot by any means, there can be no question; his own particular defence of it is perfectly worthless, and indeed worse than worthless, for his own words can be turned against him. But, out of Doncaster or of Duncerania generally, the thing needs little specification, less discussion, and no floodgates or fireworks of rhetoric at all. Here again Sterne is frequently "not convenient," and he is inconvenient in a manner rather specially disreputable. If we may judge from her short but entertaining history, so was Dr. Johnson's remark.

able favorite, Bet Flint. Nevertheless, that great moralist "loved Bet Flint," and said so. It is true that he did not love Sterne, and might justly find the merriment of this parson not a little offensive. But he knew that "the man" was not "a dull fellow," and said so too.

We, more fortunate than Johnson, are far removed from any living scandal that Sterne may have given personally, and in an even better position to appreciate his work, disinfected as it is by Time, if we choose. There is indeed a good deal in those last three words, for how few people do really choose to appreciate work as work, without dragging in all sorts of irrelevant considerations! Sterne's work is very small in bulk. The whole of the "profane"—sometimes decidedly profane—part of it will go into one volume the size of an ordinary six-shilling novel, though of course with rather thinner paper and with closer and smaller print. The "Sermons" themselves do not add much, while the "Sentimental Journey," which practically gives the whole Sterne (except the upper-shelf frippery) in little, does not by itself fill a hundred and fifty by no means crowded pages. Yet, outside of the "Sermons," there is scarcely a page that is not full, and inside them there are not many pages that are empty, of such an idiosyncrasy of genius as is hard to beat, as idiosyncrasy, anywhere. In a certain dubious sense there is no more artificial writer than Sterne in the whole of literature. To some only partially critical temperaments it may seem as if there were no end to the successive strippings off of what Shakespeare calls "lendings," as if one would never come to the real unadulterated and undisguised quiddity. Perhaps in a certain sense you never do so come. But in the process, if you are a real critic, you discover that there has been a

quiddity, nay, a quintessence, saturating all these lendings, and making them, not themselves or their original author's, but Sterne's. Goethe's extraordinary high praise of Sterne is, as it states itself, taken from an entirely false point of view, that it has sometimes been merely dismissed as of no value except as a curiosity, to-day. Sterne might be important to a German of Goethe's earlier time as an enemy of "the heresy of instruction" and so forth, but he certainly has never, either in his own time or since, showed himself in that light, or performed that function, to Englishmen. Yet his uniqueness exists, and it has, as a rule, been insufficiently recognized. With him, as has been said, the curtain too often is the picture: you will get at little or nothing behind it. At least for those people who know criticism from both sides—who have conjugated the verb "to criticise" in its active, passive, and middle voices—the famous "stop-watch" passage, is only a superlatively clever rhetorical display, not even enshrining any genuine smart of Sterne himself at criticisms. For some who have not hard hearts, who have felt "the pity of it" in life and literature keenly and often enough, the Marias and the Lefevres, and even my Uncle Toby himself, though more and more worthy of admiration in the order named, arouse, except in the last case, very little genuine sympathy, and even in that case sympathy which is dangerously mingled with amusement of a slightly satiric kind.

But how superlative the art of it all is! and how extraordinary is the admixture of *some* nature with that art! It may almost be said, and that without in the slightest degree contradicting what has been said already, that Sterne never fails to produce the effect at which he aims. He does not so fall with the stop-watch, or with Maria, or even with the lines of points and the

marbled pages. The effect produced may not be wholly pleasing to people to-day, but it is the effect which Sterne meant to produce, and did produce, on the people of *his* day and which soon will, or certainly in the usual evolution of things will some day, please again. Elsewhere—in what we, perhaps presumptuously, call his “greater” efforts because they still please us without allowance—his artistic triumph is not in reality greater. We happen to be at the door when the clock-lock opens it, that is all. And elsewhere, again, he is certainly perennial; no coincidence of hour and audience is necessary.

If we had no tittle-tattle about Sterne; if he had left no letters; if we knew nothing about Kitty Fourmentelle and the “Bramine”; if he were unsmirched by the society of Wilkes and Stevenson and “Panty” Lascelles; if we had not that dreadful portrait, with its Asmodean suggestion—how different would the general estimate of him be! There would remain the fle-fle-passages in the books; and one might say “something too much of this,” going on to remark that even the something less might have been done in a healthier fashion. But no one except a fanatic of prudery and pudibundity would regard the fault as utterly damning in fact; and no one who knew his Voltaire would fail to detect at least an excuse of pattern in form. The mechanical oddities of typography and general make-up are, after all, but as the farcical or low-comedy element in other compositions; indeed, they are hardly more than properties and costume—the external presentation in which the author chooses to set forth his work, after all, very easily tolerated, and not unsuitable. The very sentimentality—rancid as it is to the novice—really loses its evil savor when a sufficiently historic sense is brought to bear on it; and indeed can,

by anyone who has acquired the most valuable of all critical faculties, be simply neglected and shut out. What remains? Why, such a microcosm of quaint humor; of refreshing contrast to reality where yet the artistically improbable is kept aloof with the cunningest super-realism; of comically presented humanity—as it will be very hard to find in the same compass anywhere else. In this preposterous extravaganza, with all its burlesque, all its horse- (or at least pony-) play; all its doubtful taste; all its not at all doubtful license; with its shadows and uncompleted characters; its non-existent, or at least, hopelessly flawed and broken stories—there is, somehow or other, something of the Universal. It was this, no doubt, that Goethe saw, though he mistook both its character and its causes when he showered on “Tristram” the, at first sight, rather amazing epithets and phrases—“finest spirit that ever worked,” “full of freedom and beauty”; “benefactor of the nineteenth century,” “able to distinguish truth from falsehood,” “possessed of boundless sagacity and penetration.” When one has gasped a little; shaken oneself; got breath, and, so to speak, run under shelter from this storm of panegyric, one sees that what struck Goethe (what, to do him justice, generally did strike him, and made his own greatness by so doing) was the very touch of the Universal which has been mentioned. To use the word “transcendental” in connection with Sterne may seem outrageously absurd, and yet Sterne does “transcend”—by the queerest of stairs, no doubt. He is never commonplace, and he is never merely trivial in his attempts to escape commonplaceness. Almost as outrageous may it seem to mention his name in the same sentence with Shakespeare’s. Yet, if you take the four great eighteenth-century novelists, though Fielding is of course, the only

one who is actually in touch with Shakespeare, Sterne is nearer to the great exemplar of all human "imitations" than either Richardson or Smollett.

Nor does it require charity pushed to the point of imbecility, or the forcible suppression of our too abundant information about him, or an addiction to the idle art of whitewashing, to improve the conception of Sterne, even as a man, very considerably. If we know too much about him on one side we know, in all fair probability, a good deal too little on the other. There seems to have been no really bad blood about him. *Fatigatus et aegrotus* as he was of his unlucky wife, he seems to have been very liberal to her out of no great means. Except in so far as it furnished him with reading for his miscellany, there could, perhaps, hardly have been a worse life, for such a man as Sterne, than the twenty years of sojourning in a remote country district, with alternation only to the cabals and gossip of a provincial capital and cathedral city. A larger air, a more varied society, the rubbing of shoulders with his equals in intellect, were the very things that Sterne never had till too late, and after the meaner parts of his nature had been fostered and developed, alike by solitude, by "Crazy Castle" *cochonneries*, and by the most undivine atmosphere of an assembly of average mid-Georgian divines. An early acquaintance with Johnson and a series of the more good-natured bear's hugs (which might quite conceivably have been administered to him by one who tolerated, not only

The Bookman.

Boswell, but Savage and the Herveys, Cornelius Ford, and Miss Bet Flint herself) would have been a godsend to Sterne, whose faults were after all almost wholly those of a dirty little boy, and for whom, as in the case of other dirty little boys, there could have been no such thoroughly salutary discipline as a good drubbing. The treatment must have been all the more effective inasmuch as Sterne, unlike Goldsmith, had, at least when women were not concerned and he had not a pen in his hand, nearly as much common sense as he had genius, and would have been able to make full profit of this discipline without its making him intolerably uncomfortable at the time. Even short of such a drastic cure as this, larger, healthier, and more varied society could hardly have failed to produce at least a very considerable amendment in the general wholesomeness of his tone.

But we have to take things as we find them: and heaven knows, we might find things and persons much worse than Sterne the man, while Sterne the writer has the one condition of indispensableness—that he is practically unique. Methods so ostentatiously artificial as his may appear to be easily imitable, but who has ever imitated Sterne, not only with the least success, but without the most ghastly and preposterous failure? Now inimitableness is not quite an absolute and exclusive test of genius, for some geniuses have been imitable. But there never has been a not-imitable person who has not also been a genius, greater or less.

AN IRISH MORNING.

My friend, Cecilia, is married to Tom Barron, who professes to be, and is accepted by most people as a hard nut to crack. Tom has a way of sitting as a spectator, a cynical one, at the play of Irish life, with all its rich drama, its packed comedy and tragedy. It is delightful to listen to Tom as he rolls cynicism off his tongue, picking out with unerring instinct the rogueries and drolleries of Irish life. "Sure it would break your heart," said Tom, "if you didn't laugh at it"; while he points out how in an Irish stable and stable-yard everything is where it ought not to be, and used for a purpose it is not intended for. And tidiness is with Tom the apple of his eye. He had an English mother, worse luck for him, since he must live in Ireland, though better luck for his listeners, since he always brings a fresh eye to the play.

"Tom's very soft-hearted," said Cecilia, in her flowing, comfortable voice.

Cecilia grows very like her mother, to my delight. She has a soft amplitude which is peculiarly Irish: not an angle in her body or mind. She is made for maternity: and her arms seem always full of dark-eyed, silken-locked children, looking in their beautiful bunchy frocks for all the world like lovely French dolls.

"Tom's very soft-hearted."

I gasp. I have taken Tom at his own valuation. Is soft-heartedness the soul-side with which Tom faces Cecilia?

Autumn flower-beds are gay at our feet, and the mountains shining beyond the emerald lawns. The velvety airs of Ireland breathe in our faces like a warm caress. Cecilia is like the Irish airs. Darling! her softness has a way of enfolding you, making you

a lovely atmosphere. How glad I am that Cecilia grows like her mother of blessed memory.

Tom Barron beckons from the distant gate of the stableyard.

"There is Tom," says Cecilia. "He wants you, Fanny. I can't come, for this darling asleep in my arms."

I cross over to Tom, somewhat unwillingly. Cecilia has just been about to tell me how she comes to be without Anne Grace, the parlormaid whose large, placid personality and rich Irish brogue so captivated my heart during my last visit.

"Look here," says the soft-hearted one. "I've bought some hay and they're weighing it on the machine. Just watch that fellow, Mick Casey, will you, Fanny?"

The cart, with its load of hay, is on the machine. Mick Casey, a gulleless-looking red-haired fellow sucking a straw, stands by the shafts. It is the most natural thing in the world to lean on the shafts as he talks. "Them was the finest bullocks of yours in the fair of Naas ever I seen, Master Tom," he remarks, turning the straw about in his mouth. I followed the direction of Tom's eye. Mick Casey is surely leaning on the shafts with more heaviness than is necessary, pressing hard: a deeper shade of color comes to his foxy face. "That's a few stone on to the hay, anyhow," says Tom in an aside to me, while Mick Casey grows Homeric in his description of a roan polly bullock of Tom's that John Davis bought for eleven pounds. When the weight of the hay is registered and Mick is at last free to straighten himself he does so with the air of a man who has over-exerted himself in a good cause.

"We're not done weighing yet," says Tom, as Mick Casey's cart rolls on its

way to unload the hay and transfer it to Tom's hay-shed. "Come on, Mr. Maguire."

Mr. Maguire is a small pale-faced man, with a cast in one eye and a solemn composed expression. He goes and leans by the wall while the hay is being weighed. Apparently his thoughts are thousands of miles away. He hums softly to himself the tune of the "Red-Haired Man's Wife," and his eye roams wildly in any direction rather than the load of hay that is being weighed.

"The docket's all right," says Tom, comparing the market docket with the returns of his own machine."

"No tricks in him anyhow," I say.

"Wait," says Tom. "He's ten times a bigger rogue than Mick Casey. They think I'm a mug. I can see through a stone wall with any man."

We watch Mr. Maguire unloading his hay. The operation being accomplished, he takes from under the cart, with magnificent *sang froid*, a "tall-board," which he proceeds to fling into the empty cart.

"That's near as heavy as the cart," says Tom, "and its gone on to the weight of the hay. Didn't I tell you he was a bigger rogue than the other?"

"Why don't you stop them?" I ask in bewilderment.

"They'd have me some way," says Tom. "And besides, hay's scarce this year. They've plenty to buy it."

I return to Cecilia, who proceeds with the story of Anne Grace.

"Tom didn't want me to get rid of her," she says. "But she had to go, if she was the best parlormaid in Ireland. There were four bottles of portwine missing: and her young man in the house every time my back was turned. She wore my clothes too, the whole time I was at Kilkee last summer. We are much of a size. I left my best clothes at home. Just then I had no use for them. Anne wore them

every Sunday, and looked lovely in them, cook says."

"The wretch!"

"Yes, wasn't she?" Cecilia answers placidly. "Of course she had to go, in spite of Tom. And then he wanted me to give her honest to Mrs. Costello. He said I shouldn't be so hard-hearted."

"I'd no idea he was so soft as all that." I am beginning to reconsider my first estimate of Tom Barron.

"It isn't so much that he's soft-hearted," Cecilia says, having relinquished the sleeping babe to its nurse: "It's that Larry Grace is the best herd in Ireland. You see, Tipperstown is a long way off, and Tom can't be always going there. He knows his cattle are well looked after with Larry Grace. Besides its very lonesome. Not many people would care to take the job."

Our eyes fall on a group approaching us from the direction of the lodges. It consists of three persons. Batt Kelly from the lodge, and Mrs. Kelly—I have often envied Cecilia these retainers, for Batt can be indifferently coachman, butler, groom and gardener, and does all things well, while Mrs. Kelly is an excellent laundress and a very fair cook in an emergency,—are on their way to the house supporting a little woman between them. The little woman has the look of meek resignation of a very old mouse, and she is apparently on the point of fainting, for her eyes are closed and it takes all Batt's and Mrs. Kelly's officious kindness to keep her on her feet.

"Mrs. Grace," says Cecilia; and there is a trumpet-note in her soft voice. She rises to her feet. The color comes in her cheek: the light to her eye. Why, she is more than ever like her mother, the darling! She is suddenly tenser than I could have believed my large, soft Cecilia to be. All for the

little mouse-like woman who will, I am certain, crumple up at the first manifestation of Cecilia's wrath.

"'Tis Mrs. Grace, the poor woman, God help her!" say Batt and Mrs. Kelly simultaneously. "She's not fit to stand. If we was to leave go of her she'd flop like a dyin' cod-fish. 'Tis to say a word for the daughter, the crathur."

"Let her stand by herself," says Cecilia, in a tone of command.

Mrs. Grace opens one watery eye.

"Och, ma'am, don't be so hard-hearted," plead Batt and Mrs. Kelly: "'tis the wakeness she does have that's killin' her."

"Stand back, if you please," says Cecilia, and makes herself obeyed. Mrs. Kelly stands in the background wringing her hands. Batt lifts an eye to Heaven, as though in appeal against the mistress's hard-heartedness. Mrs. Grace, after wobbling a little, contrives to stand alone, and turns a dying eye on Cecilia.

"'Tis about me little girl that I trusted you wid," she says, "that you was to be a mother to."

"Have you brought your daughter, Mrs. Grace?" Cecilia asks in a high tone. "I told her she was not to set foot within my gates."

She looks sharply at Batt and Mrs. Kelly, who wear the air of detected criminals.

"She's in the lodge," Cecilia says.

"Is it the lodge?" asks Mrs. Grace feebly. "Sure isn't the poor child miles away in Tipperstown this minit?"

"She's in the lodge," says Cecilia. "And I am surprised at you, Mrs. Kelly, to have such company for your innocent children! Go back at once, Batt Kelly, and turn her out."

"Sure, where would I turn her to, ma'am, an' she havin' a cup of tay?" asks Batt irresolutely; while the little woman, forgetting all about her feebleness, looks malignantly at Cecilia and

manifestly gathers herself together for an effort worthy the occasion.

"Now don't ask me where you're to turn her to?" says Cecilia. "Turn her out on the road, anywhere you like. I won't have her in my lodge."

Mrs. Kelly is imploring the mistress not to be so hard-hearted. Batt is moving off, slowly and unwillingly: Cecilia is standing with a pointing finger—can it really be my soft Cecilia?—when Mrs. Grace finds her voice.

She begins quite quietly—

"Miss O'Hara," she says, addressing Cecilia with an evident intention of deadly insult: O'Hara was Cecilia's maiden name. Then follows a steady flood of vituperation. As Cecilia said afterwards there wasn't really much Mrs. Grace left unsaid. Batt and Mrs. Kelly, forgetting all about Anne Grace in the lodge, are trying to soothe the infuriated woman. Maria, Cecilia's old nurse, who now superintends Cecilia's nursery, rushes out and is trying to induce Cecilia to come away, "for the precious baby's sake." Cecilia stands her ground, nothing daunted, surveying Mrs. Grace with fine scorn. The cook and the parlormaid and the little under-nurse and the housemaid are looking from different windows. A gardener's helper and the boy for the boots are standing in the shade of the Portugal laurels, all looking and listening with manifest delight.

It is really too dreadful. I try to lead Cecilia away: but she is in a towering rage, in which I am bound to say she looks magnificent. She will not budge. And now comes Anne Grace, flying along the avenue to join in the fray.

"Take the woman away," says Cecilia with the air of a duchess of the feudal days. "Thrust her out on the road. If you admit her again, Mrs. Kelly, you can seek another employment."

I implore some one desperately to go

and fetch the master. No one stirs. Everybody seems to be talking together, while the steady flow of vituperation goes on: and in a second or two Anne Grace will have arrived on the scene to add to its tumult.

Where on earth is Tom? He must be found to put an end to this intolerable scene. A few minutes ago he was close at hand, in the stable-yard. Just as Anne Grace arrives and is about to fall on Cecilia, Tom turns up. I have a curious idea that he has been watching the scene all the time from the stable-yard: but I dismiss it from my mind as unworthy of credence. Anyhow he could not have heard Mrs. Grace's remarks, which were low-pitched, despite, or perhaps because of her concentration of rage.

"What's this?" he asks, "What's this?" in a man's masterly manner.

"Oh, Master Tom!" cries Mrs. Grace with a long drawn sigh: and falls into his arms.

"My mother's dead!" cries Anne Grace, capering frantically for a girl of her size. "My mother's dead; and it's the mistress that kilt her!"

There begins the wildest clatter of voices. Everybody is suggesting a different remedy. Tom is standing helplessly, holding the stiffened figure of Mrs. Grace in his arms. He is also supporting Miss Grace, who has flung herself upon her mother's body.

"She's dead, Ciss," says Tom, in horrified accents.

"She's shamming," says Cecilia, with conviction.

"Oh, ma'am don't be so hard-hearted," cry half-a-dozen feminine voices.

Tom gets rid of Anne Grace and deposits Mrs. Grace's body gently on the ground.

"She's frothing at the mouth," says some one; "it's a fit."

"Run for a doctor," suggests some one else.

"Ring up Darley, Ciss," says Tom, naming a Dublin specialist.

"I'll do nothing of the sort," answers Cecilia loftily. "If you're such a fool, Tom . . . I won't come back till the woman's out of the place."

A muttering breaks from Mrs. Grace's frothing lips.

"Goodness help her, she's callin' on Larry," says Mrs. Kelly, who has been kneeling by the prostrate form. "Isn't it pitiful what she's sayin'. Whist! Now 'tis her Aunt Maria. She's callin' on Larry an' her Aunt Maria to defend her from her wicked enemies."

"That's me," comments Cecilia, with a short laugh.

"Where's the brandy, Ciss?" asks Tom.

Cecilia stares at Mrs. Grace's writhing form with a cynical smile.

"In the cupboard under the side-board," she answers.

"Where are the keys?"

"Give Mrs. Grace liqueur brandy at a hundred and twenty shillings the dozen!" Cecilia remarks. "Not I!"

Tom refrains from expressing his opinion of Ciss before the dependents. His long legs carry him into the house. We can hear the crash of breaking wood. Cecilia's face is very stormy. I foresee that Tom will have to answer for this. He reappears with a bottle of the precious liqueur brandy, and, not waiting for a corkscrew, he knocks off the neck cleverly on the stone balustrading of the hall-door steps. A murmur of admiration breaks from the crowd. Without waiting for a glass, and at the imminent risk of cutting Mrs. Grace's mouth with the broken bottle, he pours some of the brandy on to her face, her neck and her clothes; the purple strings of her bonnet are drowned in the golden liquid.

"The crather's suckin' in a sup," says Batt Kelly. "Isn't it an awful pity so much of it was split?"

"I wash my hands of you, Tom," says Ciss loftily, and sails into the house whither I follow her.

Cecilia's bedroom overlooks the front of the house. She scorns to gaze from the window, but I make full use of my point of vantage while it lasts. It is not for long. I have to report that Mrs. Grace is being picked up and carried by Tom and Batt Kelly. They go round the house like a funeral procession, and disappear through the greenhouse into the little morning-room, which is on the ground-floor.

Cecilia looks as if she would choke, but she says nothing. Presently there is a tap at the door and Mrs. Kelly looks in.

"The master wants your hot-water bottle and the baby's, ma'am, for poor Mrs. Grace. May I be after havin' them?"

"You'd better ask Nurse," says Cecilia; and I see her hands clench.

Not a word is spoken between us; and presently Mrs. Kelly re-appears with the two india-rubber hot-water bottles in her hands.

"Be the greatest o' good-luck," she says, "for the kitchen fire was low, there was a lovely supply of bilin' water in the bathroom. These'll bring back the life to the poor soul. 'Tis terrible to hear her the way she does be cryin' out on Larry an' he far away; an' the Aunt Maria that was tuk whin she was a child. The master's got a tumblerful of brandy down her throat an' she's qui'ter. Only the heels of her do keep drummin' on the little sofy."

"So she's on my sofa," says Cecilia, with intense bitterness. "My sofa! You can do what you like with it, Mrs. Kelly, as soon as she comes off it. And the hot-water bottles too. Take them out of my sight! Never let me see them again! Would I and my innocent child use them after that creature? Certainly not. I ask one thing of you, Mrs. Kelly, and that is

never to let me see those hot-water bottles again."

"Sure anyone would do that much for you, ma'am," says Mrs. Kelly resignedly. "'Tis natural you wouldn't like them, so it is."

"Cecilia!" I remark, when the door has closed behind Mrs. Kelly. "Your hot-water bottles! Are you mad?"

"They cost sixteen shillings," says Cecilia, and something of a sparkle of humor comes into her gloom. "The nights are really cold. I've a small bottle will do for Baby, but . . ."

"And your little sofa that you were so fond of . . ."

"Newly-covered with Morris cretonne," says Cecilia and begins to laugh.

"They won't take you at your word!"

"Won't they? There'll be great comfort at the lodge this winter. But I can't go back on it now."

Time passes. The luncheon hour passes. Of course the household is too disturbed to think of lunch.

"Go down, Fanny," says Cecilia, at last, "and see what that fool of a man is doing. Tell him, if Anne Grace is there she's to go, else I'll come down and turn her out myself."

I pause at the door to look back.

"Tom is certainly very soft-hearted," I say.

"Larry Grace is the best herd in Ireland," Cecilia answers.

I look into the breakfast-room where Mrs. Grace is still drumming her heels on Cecilia's sofa, which bears obvious traces of the drumming. Her face is very red. The atmosphere reeks of brandy; and the little room is very hot, as well it may be seeing that the whole household staff, reinforced by the outdoor staff, is confined within its narrow space.

"Mrs. Barron thinks you have forgotten lunch, cook," I say mildly.

"It's thrue for you, Miss," the cook answers, with a lingering air as though she dragged herself away by force.

"'Tisn't thinkin' of lunch we was. 'Tis a great mercy there's a bit o' cowl'd mutton in the pantry, for the fire'll be black-out."

I see her depart and go myself with Mrs. Grace's shrill cry ringing in my ears.

"Oh, Larry Grace, if it was here ye was this hour ye wouldn't let your poor wife be trampled on.

Tom is at the telephone in the hall.

"All right," he says as I come up. "Be as quick as you can."

The adjuration is not addressed to me. He turns about and sees me.

"Darley'll be here by four o'clock," he says. "He has a bad case in hand. I thought I'd never get on to him."

"I suppose the woman is really bad, Tom," I say.

"She's as stiff as a poker this minute," he returns. "I don't want an inquest in my house. If it wasn't for that I'd trundle her off on Pat Toole's ass-cart to the Kingsbridge. I'd get finely left and Tipperstown stocked with cattle if I was to lose Larry Grace; and I playing for the Gentlemen next week, too."

"It's a hard case, Tom," I say.

"It is so, Fanny. I suppose Cecilia's mad with me? Women never understand the corner they're putting a man into. They've no logic."

"Oh, she'll forgive you," I say cynically; but the cynicism is wasted on Tom.

We eat the cold mutton, without any attendance, Tom making spasmodic appearances in the dining-room, a head put in every minute to report on Mrs. Grace. Cecilia sits like a large lovely child, trying to look sullen, but frustrated by the gleams of humor that appear and disappear about her lips, under her long lashes, night-dark over heavenly blue.

"She's as stiff as a corpse," reports Mrs. Kelly. "Not a bit of limberness in her body at all."

This brings Tom out.

"No wonder!" he says, "there were about twenty of them in the room and all the windows shut. I opened one and Mary Kate Murphy said it would give a wild duck the rheumatism to be living in such a house. Of course they shut it the minute my back was turned."

Next it was the parlormaid.

"Hadn't some one better run for the priest, ma'am?" she says. "She's gone as red as me mother's turkey-cock an' she's snorin' like an ould dog."

"She'd be dead," says Cecilia. "only the brandy was so good."

The hours drag and the reports grow more and more alarming. Mrs. Grace seems to turn all colors of the rainbow and to present all manner of weird appearances. The latest report from Bridget the under-nurse is that the poor woman is the dead image of Bridget's father when he was laid out.

Cecilia and I are sitting comfortably in the drawing-room. Apparently there is no one to bring us our tea; and Nurse has forgotten to come for baby. Mrs. Grace has now been at it five hours. Tom has gone back to the stable-yard, after using up all Cecilia's eau-de-cologne in bathing Mrs. Grace's forehead. It is a relief to hear the distant sound of a motor-horn playing a weird tune.

"Dr Darley, at last!" says Cecilia. "This'll be a three-guinea job. I should think the horse-doctor might have done for Mrs. Grace."

She deposits baby, who is fast asleep, in a corner of the sofa. The motor-car has drawn up in front of the house. I followed Cecilia out of the room, through the hall and down the steps to where the doctor has alighted from his car. Tom is coming across from the stable-yard in a great hurry.

"What's all this about, Mrs. Barron?" Dr. Darley asks, in a rich South-

ern brogue, directing towards Cecilia that look of frank admiration which I have observed in every male visage when she comes in sight.

"Oh, I won't prejudice the case," says Cecilia. "I suppose it's hysterics. I call it shamming."

"You said you wouldn't prejudice the case, Ciss," says Tom, reproachfully.

We follow Dr. Darley round to the morning-room, entering through the greenhouse. A whiff of hot air, brandy, and heated humanity comes out to us. Some one has had the happy thought of lighting a fire, though the day is stolen from summer, and the afternoon sun beating on the roof of the greenhouse makes the morning-room like a Turkish bath.

"The crathur's terrible bad, doctor," says Mary Kate the cook. "No wonder. Five hours she's been at it, kickin' the stuffin' out o' the sofa, and then goin' stiff. She's giv' up callin' for Larry to defend her this half-hour back. She's wore out. The constitution of an ould mule wouldn't stand it."

"I can't stand this," says the doctor. "Here, some of you lift the sofa out in the open air. I wouldn't be surprised if the lot of you were asphyxiated."

Cecilia and I retire, followed by Tom and Batt Kelly carrying the sofa, the whole crowd pressing in its wake. The sofa is deposited on the gravel. The brandy has "died" in Mrs. Grace by this time, and she lies apparently rigid, teeth clenched, eyes closed, but a faint line showing under the lid, the feet stiffly upright under Cecilia's Indian shawl.

The crowd await the verdict with an air of delighted and horrified suspense. Anne Grace, after one baleful look at Cecilia, prepares "to bawl" as she would put it herself. The doctor lifts an eyelid, feels a pulse: then delivers himself.

"Throw a bucket of cold water over

her," he says: and begins to pull on his gloves.

"Not on my sofa, please," says Cecilia. "She's spoilt it enough already."

Evidently Cecilia has forgotten that in her impulsiveness she has given the sofa away to Mrs. Kelly.

The sick woman opens one wicked eye upon the doctor. There is a dead silence. Anne Grace begins whimpering about her poor mother.

The doctor, already in motion, speaks to her over his shoulder.

"If your mother's taken that way again, my girl," he says, "just fetch the coldest water you can get and keep pouring it over her till she comes to. It's the only treatment."

The crowd is speechless.

"That's a nice three-guineas-worth," says Cecilia, who is the soul of generosity.

"Oh, Larry, where are you this hour?" moans the invalid: "an' your poor wife destroyed and without defence agin' her wicked inimies?"

"Put her on the grass before you throw the water over her," says Cecilia, departing.

Before the treatment can be carried out the sick woman recovers miraculously, and with the aid of friendly hands is on her feet again. I am by this time curious enough to see the ending of the affair to allow Cecilia to mount unattended to the nursery, where the babies have been neglected, like everything else about the place, since Mrs. Grace appeared upon the scene.

"I'm a trifle better now, Master Tom," Mrs. Grace says weakly, "although I'm still as wake as a fly in October. I think I'll be gettin' home to my little place. Poor Larry'll be distracted about me. I wouldn't be surprised now if he was to folly me here."

"There's a five-thirty from the Kings-

bridge, Mrs. Grace," says Tom, with ill-suppressed eagerness. "There'll be just time to catch it."

"Help me along, child," says Mrs. Grace, rising with pallid resolution and making faint clutches in air at her daughter for support. "The Lord reward you, Master Tom, for your charity! and if I die on the road this night remember I forgave them that wronged me and mine."

"Wait a bit!" says Tom hastily. "I'll run you down myself in the motor. You'd never catch the train any other way. Cook, put a little refreshment in a basket for Mrs. Grace. You must eat it on the road, ma'am. There won't be time to eat it here."

I am really glad that Cecilia is upstairs and the nursery at the back of the house. Once Cecilia's nursery door opens to let her in the world is shut outside. Her motor-brougham is her latest, most cherished possession. Let her be unconscious of this last indignity as long as she may!

I have not counted on the noise of the motor's departure reaching Cecilia among her babes. It has scarcely departed when she is by my side, looking after it, with a curious smile.

"Well," she says, "it's little I thought that Anne Grace would be driven to the station in *my* motor, by *my* husband. . . ."

"For goodness' sake, Cecilia," I cry, "don't go giving the motor away as well as the sofa and the hot-water bottles. I believe Tom only drove them because it was the one chance of getting rid of them. At one time I thought we were fixed up with Mrs. Grace for life."

I spared to mention the lavishly filled basket of provisions I had caught sight of, a whole cold roast duck—but it is no good piling on the agony.

"Poor Tom!" says Cecilia, her smile wavering. "You wouldn't believe it when I said he was so soft-hearted,

Fanny. And besides, Larry Grace is the best herd in Ireland."

She has hardly concluded the speech when her eyes become fixed and the smile stiffens on her lips.

"Here comes Larry Grace himself," she says. "And if I was to die for it—even though he is the best herd in Ireland—I'll tell him what I think of the whole shoot of them. I've really borne enough from the Graces this day."

The speech might have been vulgar from another; but Cecilia simply could not be vulgar. Her large, soft, beautiful personality had carried her triumphantly over the events of the day, and might be trusted to wrap her about, even in an encounter with Larry Grace, against any possible suspicion of vulgarity.

"Your wife's just departed for the Kingsbridge in my motor-brougham," she announces with a certain shrillness of voice to the undersized little man, whose countenance has the wistful haggardness of an Irish terrier's.

"Bad scan to her for an ould torment!" he returns unexpectedly. "I'd like to duck the two of them in the canal, so I would. They shipped out on me, ma'am, so they did, when I was lookin' after a sick bullock. I knew their heads were as full o' mischief as an egg's full o' mate. Surely to goodness they weren't annoyin' you, ma'am. When I remember how good you was the time little Johnneen died I declare I wouldn't know what to do on them. . . ."

Cecilia answers the haggard anxiety of Patrick Grace's eyes with a splendid mendacity.

"They weren't annoying me at all, Larry," she says. "Your wife thought I was a little hard on Anne in parting with her. But, of course, she was going to get married, so I had to fill her place."

"Thru for you, ma'am," says Larry Grace, his expression somewhat relax-

ing. Cecilia has explained to me since that the father knew nothing of the serious charge against his daughter. "Whin girls do be thinkin' o' gettin' married their mind's not in their work, so it lan't. Didn't you give her the finest o' presents an' she lavin'? An' the charackther you gev her! I can't make out at all what was the matter with them two women that they had a grudge agin you, unless it was that they thought the world an' all of Master Tom, an' couldn't think there was any lady his match. I don't know where their eyes was, troth, nor their hearts!"

"I wonder," says Cecilia, after Larry Grace has departed on an outside car for the Kingsbridge, well-fed, all expenses paid, and in blissful ignorance of the real events of the day. "I wonder—about the 'charackther' and the presents."

She says no more, and I respect her silence.

All that happened two years ago, and it has been brought to my mind by a letter received from Cecilia this morning which contains this allusion.

"You remember our morning with

The British Review.

Mrs. Grace and Anne. Well, the other day, going down to the Curragh Races, Tom was to join me at Newbridge; and, being late, as usual, I had just time to jump into a third-class carriage at the Kingsbridge. I discovered to my horror—I am not so intrepid as you think me—that the only other occupant of the carriage was Mrs. Grace! There was no stop till Newbridge, and I must say I expected a bad half-hour. But, Mrs. Grace's face of recognition was all one beam. 'Is it yerself, ma'am?' she said. 'Ye're lookin' lovely. An' how are the babies? Och, sure, 'tis no wonder Master Tom's the happiest man alive. I heard you lost poor old Miss Brough.' You remember my great aunt, Jane, who died last year? 'She was a darlint old lady. Sure there wasn't wan of your family wasn't good. Anne has a little girl, ma'am. Five weeks old, and she's called after yourself. Anne would have asked you to stand for her, only she didn't like to make too bould. She says the best days she ever had was wid yerself.'

"My dear Frances, you always said the Irish were an inexplicable people."

Katharine Tynan.

HIL.

I.

The sun glared fiercely on a dazzling wilderness of rock, that beat back the heat in great waves till all the mountains reeled and whivered in swirls of hot air.

In a shadow like an ink blot, cast by a little crooked oak, sat Hil, crouched on his heels, and stared miserably at a parched patch of earth, whereon rows of half-grown maize were shrivelling, all yellow, in the sun.

Poor little field, hacked by a hoe, scattered with seed and harrowed by a bundle of brushwood weighted with

a stone. The weary hours that had gone to the making of it were all in vain. Inch by inch had Hil and his brother pounded holes in the rocks with a crowbar, rammed them with powder, and piled the resultant fragments round in a rude wall. Countless little sackfuls of earth had they collected and carried. And now all hope of bread for the winter was gone.

The heavy blue sky closed down like a lid on the aching land. No cloud brought hope; not a leaf stirred; nor was there any sound save the wailing bleat of five sheep that crowded into

the shadow close to Hil, striving to escape the sun's rays.

Man and sheep were scarce distinguishable. Hil's ragged *chakshirs* were of home-spun undyed sheepwool, and the only garment on his back was a sheepskin coat. The shining row of brass cartridges in his belt was his sole distinction.

The sheep gasped and panted. They had drunk no water since the night before—every well and spring was dry. Hil's sufferings were greater even than theirs. He shook with fever, contracted last time he was on the plains, and he had the added misery of a hopeless future.

It was useless to stare at the maize. He rose to his full height of not much more than five feet; for he was one of the little dark hill-men whose forefathers fought the Romans, in the days when the land was known as Illyria.

Shifting the long strip of dirty cotton that bound his shaven head, so as the better to protect it from the sun, he crossed from the shadow to his hovel, which, built and roofed with slabs of unhewn rock, merged almost invisibly into the stony wilderness.

"Water!" he said; "give me water."

A ragged woman, wearing a stiff bell-shaped skirt woven of black sheep's wool and worked in curious devices, rose wearily, as was her duty when the *sofi i shpis* (house-lord) entered. She tucked her distaff under one arm and went on spinning a coarse wool thread with a dexterous twist of her fingers.

"There isn't any," she said. And as she spoke she took Hil's Martini, which he unsling as he entered, and hung it to a peg of projecting stone.

"Why isn't there any?"

"I gave it to the child," she said.

The child, a sickly boy of about nine, lay on a heap of dry fern in one corner, too listless to drive away the

flies that swarmed on his face and filthy rags.

Gjoko was not Hil's son. Hil had inherited his elder brother's widow as wife and adopted his child. Drana had passed from one brother to the other as a matter of custom and convenience. The priest, after vainly protesting, had excommunicated the couple. But the church was an hour distant, up the mountain-side, and tribe-law was more binding on Hil than church-law.

Moreover, in no other way could Hil have obtained a wife. For he was a very poor man, and wives, in the mountains, have to be bought with money. And the present comfort of possessing a woman far outweighed the vague possibility of Hell in the future.

He picked up the flat-shaped water-barrel that Drana had carried up before sunrise from the shrunken yellow Drin that flowed in the valley nearly two thousand feet below.

But the little barrel gave forth no answering rattle. He pulled out the maize-cob plug. But no drop flowed.

He sat down heavily on a block of tree-trunk by the side of the hearth-stone, rolled a cigarette, and poked vainly for a spark in the gray heap of wood-ash, over which hung an empty cauldron. Finally, with a flint and steel, from the leathern pouch at his belt, he kindled the cigarette and smoked his very last pinch of tobacco in silence.

Then he said: "The maize is all dead."

"I know. Why did you sow it all? Why did you not keep some to eat?" asked Drana, spinning ceaselessly, like one of the Fates.

"How was I to know there would be a drought? We had a good crop enough last year. Perhaps it is because we are excommunicated," he said.

"It is because of God's will and the sun," retorted Drana. "Lulash's maize and Deda's are as bad, and they aren't excommunicated. And the Padre's own well is dry. You aren't going to turn me out?" she asked anxiously. "Where could I go? and the child?"

"No," he snapped, "I shan't turn you out. But you must fetch up more water. I can't start with the charcoal till I've had a drink. God knows how I shall get to Scutari. It is this cursed fever!—I believe there is a curse on us," he added doubtfully.

"Curse!" cried Drana furiously, "curse! There's a curse on all the land. It is the accursed Moslems. Since they shot my husband and stole the donkey we've had nothing but misery!"

Hil made no reply. Drana spun. The flies crawled over the comatose child. And the earth turned slowly towards night.

Slowly the sun sank, flooding all the suffering land with splendor. Drin flowed, a river of gold, in a mystic purple valley and a rosy light flushed all the peaks. The distant church-bell clanked through the still air.

"Aksham," said Hil. He stood up, and, crossing himself, muttered, "*Ora pro nobis, ora pro nobis—in terra pax—per saecula saeculorum*," and such other of the mysterious words he had heard in church as he could remember, vaguely hoping by their means to propitiate the Being that had blighted his maize.

Drana, too, crossed herself, thrust the distaff into her wide nail-studded belt, and then picked up the water-barrel and corded it to her shoulders.

There rose a mingled bleating of goats and sheep and the lowing of cows, as the tribe gathered its flocks together and poured them down the cliff for their one drink in the twenty-four hours. Panting, struggling, send-

ing showers of loose stones bounding into the valley below, the parched beasts leapt and staggered from rock to rock down to the river, plunged in and drank rapturously, greedily, till they were distended water-skins.

It was late, very late, when Drana reached the hovel again, bending under the full water-barrel. The rest of the mountain-folk followed even more slowly, for their water-logged beasts—too parched to browse by day—now stopped to pluck at each scrap of withered herbage between the rocks.

With a long whistling sigh of relief, Drana slackened the cords and swung the barrel to the ground. She filled with water a long-handled bowl—made of a bottle-gourd cut lengthwise—and gave drink to the half-unconscious child. Hil picked up the barrel and drank greedily from the bung-hole.

Drana took a heavy slab of unleavened maize-bread from a basket that hung from the rafters, broke it in halves and gave one piece to Hil.

"Is that all?" he asked.

"All till you come back from Scutari," she replied. "Wilt have some bread, Gjoko?"

"No," whined the child.

Drana ate a few mouthfuls and put the rest back in the basket. "He will be hungry, perhaps, to-morrow," she said. "When I go up to the forest to cut wood I will get some leaves to boil with it. Don't be more than two days away."

Hil was cording a black sack of charcoal to his shoulders. Drana held it while he tied the knots.

"Sell it at a consulate if you can," she said, "and perhaps the servants will give you something to eat. They gave me five lovely onions at the Italian Consulate."

The sack was made fast. She stooped and picked up a second. Hil bent and she swung it up on top of the first. It rested against his head and

the back of his neck. He steadied it with one hand, took his Martini in the other and stepped a few paces from the door.

"Don't forget the salt!" cried Drana. She had tasted no salt for over a fortnight and craved for it as some for brandy.

Hil stopped. Then stepped a few more paces. Then he staggered and sat down heavily on a rock.

Drana hurried out.

"It's the fever," he panted. "I can't carry more than one. It's no use. Take the other back——"

Drana was aghast. "But one sack won't buy maize for a week," she said. "It was three before we lost the donkey, and that was little enough. Then it was two, and now it must be one. If I come too to carry the other, Gjoko will die of thirst——"

"God is great!" said Hil. "When I've sold the charcoal I'll carry round the sack and beg bread at house-doors. You must cut a lot of wood tomorrow. Then perhaps next week we'll be able to carry down three lots—God willing!"

He rose with difficulty, balanced the one sack and started again. Staggering down the rocky track, aching with fever and supporting himself from time to time on his Martini, he disappeared into the vast loneliness of the night—one speck of suffering humanity under a myriad pitiless stars.

It was long past noon on the second day. But Hil came not. Drana squatted in the hovel, spinning mechanically. Hil, she reckoned, should have arrived at Scutari in ten hours, even allowing for his weak state. He would sell the charcoal for one and four pence, and then, after a sleep, go a-begging with the sack.

Only when he had begged all the food he could, would he spend the precious money. He would tramp back by night. He was overdue.

Gjoko lay moaning. She offered him boiled beech and dandelion leaves—other food there was none—and strove to cheer him with hopes of the onions and salt that perhaps Bab would bring. So the day passed.

The sun sank and the stars rose, but Hil came not. There was but little water left in the barrel she had filled before sunrise. She had no strength to fetch more. The night rolled on. She lay on the earthen floor, stupid with exhaustion, till a great shout tore through the gray dawn:

"Oy Drana Nikia! Oy! Oy!"

Up the track toiled slowly Lulash and Deda, her nearest neighbors, whose huts were not more than three-quarters of an hour distant, and between them, seated on a rifle, they bore Hil, limp and almost unconscious,

They laid him on the floor.

"Found him half-way. He'd fallen over a rock," said Lulash, and cast down the charcoal sack, filled with dirty scraps of food, beside him.

II.

Five weeks dragged slowly by. Five times did Drana tramp to the town and each time brought back a sack of stale crusts and fragments. Single-handed she could not cut and burn enough charcoal to keep things going. Hil had to sell his only possession of value—his beloved Martini. And on its price they lived till Hil, bruised, sprained and fever-stricken, should again be fit to work.

But to Hil it was like eating his own flesh and blood. For with the Martini he had avenged his brother.

Then a marvel came to pass. Drana came back from Scutari laden not only with food but with news.

"The Turks have gone!" she cried. "God and St. Nikola be praised. The Turks have gone!" She crossed herself.

"What are you saying, woman?" growled Hil.

"It is true as I believe in God," she said. "In Scutari all are shouting and singing '*Liria! Liria!*' (Freedom!) Ask Lulash if you don't believe me."

The news rang through the mountains "*Liria! Liria!*"

The heads of the tribe gathered together a-squat in a circle before the little white church.

Hil, a mere skeleton, but still a *zoti i shpis* (a house-lord), sat as by right in the tribe's parliament. And the Padre in brown Franciscan habit stood on the balcony of his tiny hospice. As the only man who could read and write, it was his duty to be present to record the tribe's decrees.

"It is a lie," cried the old *bairaktar*. "Never will I believe the Turks are gone. There has been no war. Eighty years old am I—and more—and I know that never have the Turks yet done a thing unless they were forced. I remember when the Muskovites came to the gates of Stamboul—I remember when the Nemtsi (Austrians) came into Bosnia. The Turks never give. Things are taken from them by arms. I, for one, will not go to Scutari. This tale of '*Liria*' is a plot to assassinate the Christians!"

"By God, the *bairaktar* is right!" echoed the crowd.

Lulash rose on his knees and hurled a stone into the centre of the circle. "On this stone and the cross I swear," he said vehemently, "that this is true. With my own eyes I saw the men of Vraga dancing and singing before the Konak. It is eighteen months since any one of them has dared to come into the town for fear of the Turks. It is the Seven Kings that have done this. There will be no more rule of the Padishah. It is *Korstitusion!*" He brought out the word triumphantly.

"Did you see him?" asked the *bairaktar*, eyeing him keenly.

"See whom?"

"Korstituzi?"

"No," said Lulash, "but——"

"Is the Vali Pasha there still?"

"Yes. But he will go. *Besa bes*, he will go," cried Lulash, "and the prisoners will be set free and the prison pulled down. It is *Liria*, I tell you, *Liria!*" His voice rang high over the hubbub of discussion.

In all the ragged crowd of half-wild men there was not one in whose family was not a tradition, centuries of sufferings at the hands of the Moslems—of death, of oppression, of vengeance.

The holy word "*Liria*" (Freedom) stirred even the aged blood of the *bairaktar*.

"*Kioft levdue Krist!*" (May Christ have praise!), he shrilled in his cracked old voice. "*Ernoft Shkypnia!*" (Long Live Albania!) And, raising his revolver high over his head, he fired all its six cartridges up in the air.

The Franciscan, from his balcony, fired his rifle over the heads of the crowd. And in a moment the air was a-whistle with bullets and the echoes thud-thudded back and forth across the valley.

"*Ernoft Shkypnia! Ernoft Shkypnia!*"

"Oy Padre!" cried the *bairaktar*, "plenty of work for you now. The Seven Kings won't allow any stinking Mohammedans in the land now! You'll have enough baptizing to do—*besa bes!*"

"Will they all be baptized?" asked, doubtfully, Deda—the youngest house-lord present.

"Of course they will if the *bairaktar* says so! Hold your tongue. He saw the sun before you were born!"

And amid laughter, shouting and firing, the day was fixed when the headmen of the tribe should troop down with their banner to Scutari, and swear fealty to the new order of things.

Drana and Gjoko sat under the little crooked oak and awaited Hil's return. Filthy and ragged they still were, and by force of habit, Drana spun incessantly. But she did not go up to the forest to cut wood. The old order of things had changed. The future was mysteriously golden and the present was bliss. Lulash's wife had given her a large lump of sheep cheese. She and Gjoko feasted together. A heavy thunderstorm had cleared the air and they were both conscious of unusual physical well-being.

Nor had they long to wait. Heralded by an echoing rattle of rifle-fire, the vanguard of returning tribesmen charged up the last slope—sweating, shouting, singing, and headed by the old *bairaktar* triumphant, upon a mule.

"Where's Bab?" asked Gjoko anxiously, as the tribesmen filed by and each turned towards the rocky track that led to his own lonely dwelling.

"Coming, coming!" cried a man, and burst out laughing. And slowly, last of all the throng, came Hil, leading a donkey.

Drana stood dumb with amazement. Hil came straight into the hovel, bringing the donkey with him.

"What a beautiful donkey!" cried Gjoko. "Whose is it, Bab?"

"Mine," said Hil.

"Did you steal it from the Turks, Bab, instead of the old one?"

"It was given me," said Hil solemnly.

"Given! given!?" almost screamed Drana. "Who gives donkeys. God! it is a miracle!"

She touched the donkey tentatively, as though to learn if it were real. And the donkey wagged its ears.

"It was a *yabandjee* (stranger) woman gave it to me—" began Hil.

"The Blessed Virgin herself!" said Drana, and crossed herself.

"Who knows?" said Hil; "there was a great crowd. Consuls and officers

and all the people of the town. We all went to the Konak. There were more than two thousand tribesmen there, all firing at once—*martinkas* and *altipalters* (revolvers). I never saw anything so beautiful. But it was very hot, and as we were coming away, I fell by the roadside. And a *yabandjee* woman, with a dragoman, gave me water. And she asked about me. And I told her everything—how my brother was shot, and the donkey stolen, and the pig died, and the charcoal and the fever and the drought. Then I went to the Cathedral grounds with the others and we had as much as we could eat—bread and water-melons and rakia! And tobacco! *Besa bes*, it is the first time I have had my belly filled since the donkey was stolen. And in the evening when we were making ready to start, came the dragoman with this donkey, and the pack-saddle, and the halter, and said the *yabandjee* woman sent it me—and two silver medjids!"—Drana gasped—"and I bought a candle and lit it in the Cathedral, for this is the work of some blessed Saint."

"But we are excommunicated!" said Drana.

"How should the Blessed Virgin in Scutari know that the Padre up here has excommunicated us? And I bought some maize, and some salt and some coffee and some sugar!"

One after another Hil extracted the parcels from a sack on the donkey—"and we must take good care of the donkey, the dragoman said, or the *yabandjee* woman will be angry."

"God forbid!" cried Drana, at last finding voice; "and are the Turks gone?"

"It is Korstituzi," said Hil solemnly. "All the prisoners are set free. And we have got a donkey."

III.

With the autumn came rain. The

wells were filled, the springs flowed. Juicy green herbage sprang up between the rocks.

Folk in Scutari began to buy wood and charcoal for the winter. Hil, Drans, and the donkey worked hard. Sometimes they earned as much as ten shillings in a month. They were never, now, without enough maize and salt to live on. Sometimes they had a little coffee too.

Hil threw off the fever. Gjoko picked up strength.

All through the winter evenings folk hobnobbed together round the hearth. And most of all they talked of Korstituzi. It would make a railroad, some said, and schools, and roads. There would be work for everyone—and heaps of food and money. No more toiling over the rocks to earn a few pence.

But the winter passed and the Turks had not yet gone nor shown any signs of going. No foreign King had come, and things went on the same as before.

"I told you it was a trick," said the old *bairaktar*; "the Postripa Moslems are as bad as ever. They swear Lulash has stolen a goat. He has not. We all know he has sworn his innocence on the altar along with five witnesses. But he cannot go to Scutari now or they will arrest him. And he is innocent. This is Korstituzi! We were fools to go to Scutari and feast and fire our rifles. It was a wedding without a bride!"

But Hil and Drana recked little of Korstituzi. They cherished the donkey. Hil padded the pack-saddle with sheep-wool lest it should rub sores, and the *yabandjee* woman or the Blessed Virgin be wroth. He made a great stack of dry beech-leaves for winter fodder, and when the snow came the donkey shared the hovel and roasted his sides pleasantly by the hearth.

With a donkey everything seemed possible. Hil borrowed money for

maize to sow his little field and was slowly paying off the debt.

Some day he might even save up enough money to buy an old Martini and feel a man again.

Nor did anyone, indeed, take interest in outside politics that did not affect the tribe.

Then one day came news that rang through the mountains. The Turks were demanding tax.

The *bairaktar* called a *medjlis* (parliament) on urgent business. Never, in all time, had the tribe been asked for taxes. The towns and the richer villages of the plains had paid for years. No roads nor public works had ever resulted, but Vali after Vali retired with his pockets well lined. But, hitherto, the mountains, where most folk wrung but a bare living from the rocks, had been free.

Now, one franc a year was asked for each sheep and goat, and a tenth part of each scanty corn crop was to go to the government.

No one in Hil's mountains could grow maize enough to live. Few who had sheep and goats could afford to drink their milk. It was all made into white curd-cheese and sold in Scutari to buy maize and salt. Most of the tribe lived almost entirely on this and the salt whey they squeezed from the cheese.

Rakia they distilled from such vines as they grew, or from wild plums. For life on such low diet is hardly possible without stimulants, and for this reason they bought coffee whenever they had a few spare pence.

"This is Korstituzi!" said the *bairaktar*. "What have these devils ever done for us? Never a road have they made in all the mountains! Never a school in the land have they made for our children! Now they want our money to buy gold braid for their officers and guns to kill us with. How can we pay them? I am *bairaktar*, and

I have not tasted meat since St. Nikola. Coffee I have only for guests. They leave us to starve like dogs, and then ask for our money! Till they do something for us, we will do nothing for them!" He took the rosary from his belt and held up the cross that hung from it. "By this cross, I swear that I will never pay money for Pashas to grow fat upon!"

A yell of applause followed. Head after head swore, and all the tribe was united.

Time passed and nothing happened. There were other and richer districts from which money could be raised, and the Government did not think it worth while to send a battalion of soldiers to the mountains in order to collect a few pounds.

Hil and Drana did not trouble themselves. They had no sheep or goats and there was no tax on donkeys. As for their tiny maize crop, they had harvested it and stored it for the winter, and were simple enough to imagine that the tax could only be paid in kind and that the maize was quite safe.

In another week Hil would have paid off the debt on his maize and would begin to save up for a Martini. Drana helped him load the donkey and he went off cheerfully.

As he entered the town a police officer cried to him: "Oy, you! Stop there. What's your name?"

"Hil Marku."

The officer noted it.

"What tribe?"

Hil hesitated.

"He's from Shlaku," said a big zaptieh; "I know him."

"Shlaku," said the officer, "h'm—one of the men we want for taxes." He spoke to the zaptieh next him. Then he shouted to another approaching peasant.

Hil drove on his donkey to the charcoal bazaar with a gasp of relief. He had escaped. But he had been badly

frightened. He sold his charcoal in a great hurry, hardly waiting to bargain. Then he paid the last piastres of his debt, bought twopenn'orth of salt, and started at once to return to the mountains.

"Hil, *more!*" cried a woman who knew him, "don't go by the *karakol* (police station)—they are arresting men for this cursed tax. Five Zadrime men have I seen taken."

A cold terror seized Hil. More than ever he felt the loss of his Martini. He was unarmed, helpless. He turned down a side alley and hurried for the stony waste of the dry river-bed. Once across that he would find cover and get away safely.

He walked quickly, and the donkey, burdened by no pack, trotted gaily beside him.

They were already clattering on the stones when a voice of command rang out—"Halt!"

A zaptieh—the one who had recognized Hil at the entrance of the town—descended from the bank and stood in his path.

Hil gazed wildly round. Flight was impossible. It would have been followed at once by a bullet.

"Where are you off to, so fast?" asked the zaptieh.

"Home," said Hil.

"You've got to pay your tax first. It's twenty-three piastres (3s. 4d.). You've sold your stuff"—he pointed to the donkey's empty pack-saddle—"and now you can pay up."

"Twenty-three piastres!" gasped Hil—"twenty-three piastres!"

"Twenty-three piastres," shouted the zaptieh; "don't you understand Albanian? Twenty-three! twenty-three!!"

"I tell you I haven't twenty-three piastres in the world," said poor Hil. He fished under his shirt and pulled out the dirty little bag that hung round his neck together with an amulet against the evil eye.

"Look!" he said, and counted out the few battered metaliks (halfpennies) it contained.

The zaptieh laughed. "Where's the money you sold your stuff for?"

"I owed it already," said poor Hil. "I tell you we can't grow enough maize for ourselves. How can I give any to the Pasha?"

"We've heard that tale too often," said the zaptieh; "none of your tribesmen have enough to eat, if one's to believe you. At any rate you can afford a fine donkey, and that's worth more than the tax any day. If you are quite sure you *won't* pay, I'll take the donkey."

As he spoke he took hold of the halter of the donkey, which was standing quietly by, and pulled it.

Hil's world crashed to pieces around him. Nothing so terrible as the loss of his donkey had ever presented itself to his mind. It was his life, and Drana's, and Gjoko's, their present, their future, their only hope.

Blank terror seized him and turned him into a cringing suppliant. He prayed, he implored for mercy, pouring out a mixed torrent of entreaty to the zaptieh, and all his Saints. He offered all he had with him—his old knife, the salt, his few halfpence—he would bring firewood next week—or charcoal—he would—

The zaptieh, a big fair Bosniak, laughed loudly at the unhappy little man. "All right," he said teasingly, "bring a whole bazarful of charcoal next week and pay up. And then you shall have the donkey back. We shall keep it, in case you forget. And the sooner you pay the better for you. For the donkey will be put up at the *han* and you'll have to pay sixpence a day for its keep. Good-bye—pleasant journey!"

He pulled the donkey, and turned to go. But the donkey planted all its

four feet firmly and wagged its ears questioningly at Hil.

The zaptieh twisted the halter two or three times round his hand and wrist and tugged.

"My donkey," cried Hil in agony—"only give me my donkey. I'll pay you next week.—Pashé Zotin, I'll pay you."

"Pay now," said the zaptieh, and he laughed again.

The donkey was lost forever. Sixpence a day was more than Hil had ever dreamed of possessing. The madness of despair swept over him. Every fibre in his body contracted with rage; his face went livid; the pupils of his eyes were mere pin-points.

"Pay," he yowled—"pay! *Derr e bir derrit* (swine and son of a swine)! I'll pay you!"

With the scream of a wild beast, he lowered his head, flung himself forward and butted the zaptieh in the belly with all his force. The man, completely taken by surprise doubled up, gasping, clutched instinctively at his revolver, but his right hand was tangled in the halter, on which the frightened donkey plunged madly. And before he could recover Hil had borne him down in his furious onrush, had torn the revolver from his belt and fired four bullets straight into his breast.

Hil turned and fled. The sound of the shots would bring up the patrol. If he could but get across the river-bed he would find cover and be safe.

The terrified donkey clattered after him, dragging the dying zaptieh whose life-blood spouted scarlet on the stones; but, hampered by the weight, could not keep up with Hil's wild flight, and brayed aloud.

Even at the risk of his own life, Hil could not abandon the donkey. He checked a moment, opened the clasp-knife that hung at his belt, and cut the halter. The donkey darted forward and made for the well-known track to the mountains.

A shout rang over the plains. Hil swerved and made for the nearest thicket. Three bullets squealed after him.

It was very late that night when the donkey, its pack-saddle all awry, arrived at the little hovel. But Drana and Gjoko waited for Hil in vain. He lay dead in the little thicket, for the

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patrol did not trouble to follow up the game and see if the bullets had hit or missed: nor was his body found for two weeks. And then it was buried where it lay. For he was excommunicate.

So Hil indubitably lost his soul. And Drana and Gjoko lost Hil.

As for Korstituzi, it was short of three-and-fourpence and a zaptieh.

M. Edith Durham

THE IMPOTENCE OF EUROPE.

Of the situation in the Near East we can only use the old tag and say that we must laugh so as not to be obliged to weep. The condition of affairs is complicated a thousandfold by the active intervention of the Turks. If anybody really was to be found who believed in the Concert of Europe, his credulity will now be put to a severe test, for the Concert is up against such an open defiance of its decisions that it must either hopelessly abdicate or enforce obedience at the sacrifice of all claim to equitable decision. If the second alternative be adopted Great Britain, with her millions of Mohammedan subjects, stands to lose more than anyone.

So far as the former Allies are concerned, all accurate information seems to be lacking. One thing alone we may safely assume, that horrible barbarities have been practised on all sides, though not to the extent stated. Indeed certain persons of repute alleged to have been massacred are now known to be alive and well. We may safely accept the general charges of inhumanity preferred by the different parties against one another, but we should be unwise to credit particular instances. The same remark applies to the military operations. We have no accurate information as to the whereabouts of any of the belligerent forces. At least if we have we cannot

know it. Of one thing we may be confident. The grandiloquent utterances of the Greeks must not be accepted at their face value, but it is certain that Bulgaria is hemmed in and must yield, though how deeply she may be humiliated or how completely mulcted of what she has won depends on how far certain Great Powers can or are willing to intervene on her behalf. One thing alone we may unhesitatingly assume, that, to use Dr. Johnson's phrase, mutual cowardice alone keeps us at peace. We may be thankful that the Great Powers are not cutting one another's throats. It can only be a sincere appreciation of this fact that has turned the Foreign Offices of Europe into a (temporary) mutual admiration society.

We suppose then that we must be thankful if the Concert is steadfastly purposed not to fall out and the trombone and the French horn are not going to break their instruments on one another's heads. But there is another side to this. If we are so desperately nervous about our relations with one another, we are hardly likely to combine effectually to make decisions and force them down the throats of the Balkan peoples. The utmost we have been able or are likely to do in this direction is to coerce Montenegro. But if our Foreign Office is to live up to the

reputation it seems to have acquired, it must remember that we should at least make certain that any settlement made now should contain some elements of permanence. Among a good deal of nonsense talked in the course of last week the most dangerous absurdity which has emerged appears to be the suggestions of an autonomous Macedonia and Thrace! One perilous experiment of the kind, certain to result in evil consequences, we have already lent ourselves to, the establishment of an independent Albania. If we are going to let Macedonia go the same way, we are simply exposing these wretched peoples to the continuance of horrors from which the Turco-Balkan war was supposed to have freed them. An "autonomous Macedonia" simply means a repetition of the intrigues of the last thirty years, and the recrudescence of "bands" and mutual throat-cutting. This might be avoided if we could hope for anything like "statesmanship" from Greeks or Servians. Unfortunately we have no reason to expect the moderation of common sense, much less generosity, from Greeks or Serbs. But the Concert can hardly stultify itself to the extent of allowing Macedonia to become a more fruitful field of trouble in the future than it has been since the Treaty of Berlin. This nightmare for a time has been got rid of, and at all costs its revival must be prevented.

If an autonomous Macedonia would put the finishing touch to the humiliation of the Great Powers, an autonomous Thrace is unthinkable. It is clearly nothing but a kite flown by Turkey or her friends at a venture. But it is a symbol of a grave situation. The re-entry of Turkey on the scene might have been safely predicted when the quarrel of the Allies was certain and the impotence of Europe demonstrated. We do not know whether anyone in this country cares enough

about the matter to mind whether Turkey reoccupies Adrianople or not. Certainly it is absurd to talk of Turkey as if she had committed any breach of faith worse than that of any other State; and on the ground of atrocities one is no doubt as bad as another. What does Turkey owe to the Powers? Or, if it comes to that, what does any other Balkan State owe? Something less than nothing. All the Powers have done has been to prevent each of the parties from obtaining something it particularly desired. It may be said that Turkey retained Constantinople owing to the intervention of Europe, but she knows well enough that certain Great Powers for their own selfish reasons would never have allowed Bulgaria to appropriate Constantinople even if she could have done it. There cannot therefore be any question of gratitude. All we can justly expect Turkey to remember is that at the beginning of the war Europe warned the Allies that whatever the result they would not be allowed any accession of territory and that at the end the Great Powers actively assisted them to retain what they had won and gave their conquests the sanction of a treaty drawn up under European auspices. But, what was far less equitable, they actually tried to make the Turks surrender Adrianople without waiting to see it taken by force of arms. In these circumstances it is worse than the usual cant, which does duty in such emergencies, to talk about "violating the Treaty of London." In fact the Turks, even less than the other Balkan States, have any reason to consider the feelings of Europe. We may safely assume that they will make themselves just as disagreeable as they dare and will draw just as much profit for themselves out of the Balkan *mêlée* as they can.

Mr. Asquith's utterance at Birmingham showed indeed once again his su-

preme mastery of parliamentary phraseology, but when carefully examined it is essentially cryptic. It makes no definite statement and perhaps it would hardly have been safe to do so. But it may be seriously doubted whether either he or Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who so bravely backed up the Government in this matter, had the faintest idea of what really was to be done to clear up the imbroglio. By the way, authoritative French opinion is obviously pro-Turk for the good reason that immense sums of French money are invested in Turkey. Still, however grotesque the injustice, Europe will hardly allow Turkey to defy her to the extent of retaining Adrianople. (Probably Turkey knows this and is only seeking a rectification of the boundary-line in Thrace. This is the view of leading organs of opinion in Germany and France alike. To leave the Turks in Adrianople would be dan-

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gerously to tempt Russian Pan Slavism, which is not dead but sleeping. In any case it could only mean a reopening of the war on the earliest possible occasion.

The Turks then may hope to get something out of the muddle, like the quondam Allies, at the expense of Bulgaria. Considering the pure cynicism which prompts the action of all parties, the best we can hope is that an acute sense of self-interest may lead them to make as permanent a settlement as possible. But, when the matter is viewed in the dry light of truth and common sense, it is certain that the Balkan States owe nothing to the Powers who have confessedly studied nothing but their own interests throughout. England has had no axe to grind and is therefore less distrusted than any of the others. But she is not able to indicate a policy, still less to carry it through.

THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

"It's my birthday to-morrow," said Mrs. Jeremy, as she turned the pages of her engagement book.

"Bless us, so it is," said Jeremy. "You're thirty-nine or twenty-seven or something. I must go and examine the wine-cellar. I believe there's one bottle left in the Apollinaris bin. It's the only stuff in the house that fizzes."

"Jeremy! I'm only twenty-six."

"You don't look it, darling; I mean you do look it, dear. What I mean—well, never mind that. Let's talk about birthday presents. Think of something absolutely tremendous for me to give you."

"A rope of pearls."

"I didn't mean that sort of tremendousness," said Jeremy quickly. "Anyone could give you a rope of pearls; it's simply a question of overdraw-

ing from the bank. I meant something difficult that would really prove my love for you—like Lloyd George's ear or the Kaiser's cigar-holder. Something where I could kill somebody for you first. I am in a very devoted mood this morning."

"Are you really?" smiled Mrs. Jeremy. "Because——"

"I am. So is Baby, unfortunately. She will probably want to give you something horribly expensive. Between ourselves, dear, I shall be glad when Baby is old enough to buy her own presents for her mother. Last Christmas her idea of a complete edition of Meredith and a pair of silver-backed brushes nearly ruined me."

"You won't be ruined this time, Jeremy. I don't want you to give me anything; I want you to show that

devotion of yours by *doing* something for me."

"Anything," said Jeremy grandly. "Shall I swim the Channel? I was practising my new trudgeon stroke in the bath this morning." He got up from his chair and prepared to give an exhibition of it.

"No, nothing like that." Mrs. Jeremy hesitated, looked anxiously at him and then went boldly at it. "I want you to go in for that physical culture that everyone's talking about."

"Who's everyone? Cook hasn't said a word to me on the subject; neither has Baby; neither has——"

"Mrs. Hodgkin was talking to me about it yesterday. She was saying how thin you were looking."

"The scandal that goes on in these villages," sighed Jeremy. "And the Vicar's wife too. Dear, all this is weeks and weeks old; I suppose it has only just reached the Vicarage. Do let us be up-to-date. Physical culture has been quite *démodé* since last Thursday."

"Well, I never saw anything in the paper——"

"Knowing what wives are I hid it from you. Let us now, my dear wife, talk of something else."

"Jeremy! Not for my birthday present?" said his wife in a reproachful voice. "The Vicar does them every morning," she added casually.

"Poor beggar! But it's what Vicars are for." Jeremy chuckled to himself. "I should love to see him," he said. "I suppose it's private, though. Perhaps if I said 'Press'——"

"You *are* thin, you know."

"My dear, the proper way to get fat is not to take violent exercise, but to lie in a hammock all day and drink milk. Besides, do you want a fat husband? Does Baby want a fat father? You wouldn't like, at your next garden party, to have everybody asking you in a whisper, 'Who is the enormously

stout gentleman?' If Nature made me thin—or, to be more accurate, slender and of a pleasing litherness—let us believe that she knew best."

"It isn't only thinness; these exercises keep you young and well and active in mind."

"Like the Vicar?"

"He's only just begun," said his wife hastily.

"Let's wait a bit and watch him," suggested Jeremy. "If his sermons really get better, then I'll think about it seriously. I make you a present of his baldness; I shan't ask for any improvement there."

Mrs. Jeremy went over to her husband and patted the top of his head.

"In a very devoted mood this morning," she quoted.

Jeremy looked unhappy.

"What pains me most about this," he said, "is the revelation of your shortcomings as a wife. You ought to think me the picture of manly beauty. Baby does. She thinks that, next to the postman, I am one of the——"

"So you are, dear."

"Well, why not leave it Really, I can't waste my time fattening refined gold and stoutening the lily. I am a busy man. I walk up and down the pergola, I keep a dog, I paint little water-colors, I am treasurer of the cricket club; my life is full of activities."

"This only takes a quarter of an hour before your bath, Jeremy."

"I am shaving then; I should cut myself and get all the soap in my eyes. It would be most dangerous. When you were a widow, and Baby and the pony were orphans, you and Mrs. Hodgkin would be sorry. But it would be too late. The Vicar, tearing himself away from Position 5 to conduct the funeral service——"

"Jeremy, *don't!*"

"Ah, woman, now I move you. You are beginning to see what you were in

danger of doing. Death I laugh at; but a fat death—the death of a stout man who has swallowed the shaving-brush through taking too deep a breath before beginning Exercise 3, that is more than I can bear.”

“Jeremy!”

“When I said I wanted to kill someone for you, I didn’t think you would suggest myself, least of all that you wanted me fattened up like a Christmas turkey first. To go down to posterity as the large-bodied gentleman who inhaled the badger’s hair; to be billed in the London press in the words, ‘Curious Fatal Accident to Adipose Treasurer’—to do this simply by way of celebrating your twenty-sixth

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birthday, when we actually have a bottle of Apollinaris left in the Apollinaris bin—darling, you cannot have been thinking.”

His wife patted his head again gently. “Oh, Jeremy, you hopeless person,” she sighed. “Give me a new sunshade. I want one badly.”

“No,” said Jeremy, “Baby shall give you that. For myself I am still feeling that I should like to kill somebody for you. Lloyd George? No. F. E. Smith? N-no. . . .” He rubbed his head thoughtfully. “Who invented those exercises?” he asked suddenly.

“A German, I think.”

“Then,” said Jeremy, buttoning up his coat, “I shall go and kill him.”

A. A. M.

A REVOLUTION OF THE WHITES.

It seems to be the clear intention of the leaders of the Conservative Party to treat the whole period of Progressive Government as a kind of *dies non*, to be blotted out of the calendar, and to revert to the situation before the Parliament Act, and before the Bills for establishing Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment, and for neutralizing the excessive power of the property vote. Payment of members is also to cease, and the old premium on wealth to be restored. The method of this revolutionary change is a Liberal defeat at the polls. If possible, this is to take place before these Bills have been carried. They will then all disappear, and the Parliament Act with them. If such an election should only arrive in 1915, the same results will follow, but the procedure will, of course, be still more subversive. The House of Lords will be restored to its plenary powers. Home Rule will be annulled, and the Welsh Church placed in full possession of the tithe and the rest of its funds, and, we suppose, re-

stored to its old association with the State. Invited to cut its own throat, to save the Tory Party the trouble of cutting it, the Government, at the demand of the House of Lords, is to submit its leading Bills either to a Referendum or to a General Election. If the Ministry survives this ordeal and commands the situation through the Parliament Act, it is again to submit its fortunes to the arbitrament of the peers.

It does not seem quite clear what is then to happen to the Welsh Bill. Lord Lansdowne tells us that the Opposition are men of honor, and that when they say that they will accept the verdict of the people, they mean it. But in the next breath he tells us that there can be no compromise on Welsh Disestablishment. As to Home Rule, all that the Lords could offer would be a loyal endeavor to stop the Ulster threat of violence offered to the Crown. This, if you please, is to be yielded in exchange for a fresh commitment to a free inquest of the peers of all but

the bare principle of devolution. Meanwhile, Ulster declines to regard even this demi-tender of Lord Lansdowne as binding upon her. Twenty General Elections, she declares, will not abate her resistance. Even the Lords seem struck with the absurdity of the process under which they pass amendment after amendment declining to consider Liberal Bills until they have been submitted to the people. You cannot have two General Elections at once, says the super-insolent Lord Salisbury. "Very well, drop one of your Bills—whichever you please." "Or submit both to a Referendum," suggests Lord Lansdowne. The offer is a measure of the unthinking egotism of the peers. No serious Constitutionalist imagines that a Referendum can be set up as a standing barrier to all Liberal Bills and taken down, like hurdles after a steeplechase, when the Tory flat-racing season begins, or that it can be established as an addition to the existing power of the Lords.

Let us, then, say at once that this is the speech and the policy of revolution, a Revolution of the Whites, which is so much more dangerous than a Revolution of the Reds. Its fruits must be rebellion over three and a half Irish provinces, a tithe and church war in Wales, and a resolve on the part of Liberalism and Labor not to leave standing one stick or stone of the remaining functions of the House of Lords. It is enough to add that the body which arrogates these powers of disturbance has deprived itself of all moral right to exercise them. Lord Lansdowne has given up the House of Lords. He has offered to turn it into an Electoral College, and from that source and from other sources to constitute something that the people might be brought to accept as a fair kind of Second Chamber. But we are bound to add that these manoeuvres tend to harden the natural indisposi-

tion of Liberals to surrender constitutional power to any body strong enough to stand up to the House of Commons. We have got the old House of Lords' spirit up against progress. Well, we have beaten it once, and we shall beat it again. But supposing we let the chained dog loose again, free for another bite? We are told that the Government's policy is that in no case shall the Parliament Act be repealed or the absolute veto restored. But let us consider one or two possibilities. We imagine that, under the coming measure for the reform of the House of Lords, we may resort to the expedient of the Joint Session. It is improbable that the Government will contemplate a House of less than 150 members. If this body is predominantly Conservative, it offers a strong counter-weight to all but a great Liberal majority, indeed to any majority which can be called normal. The social prestige of the aristocracy, headed by the most popular and powerful spokesmen of the territorial interest, might secure such a House. The very process of election would confirm its leaders in a policy of uncompromising resistance to a progressive House of Commons, which could then claim no superior parentage. Are we then to avoid election, and fly to the devices of nomination and indirect election? There are obvious objections. If we are to aim at a Liberal House of Lords when the Liberals are in power, and a Tory House when the Tories are in power, the whole argument for a revising Chamber loses its force. If, again, we deliberately build up a powerful Chamber of Notables, through the mixed agency of the Crown, the Executive and the Houses of Parliament, we shall endow the conservative elements of the nation with an authority they ought not to exercise. Perhaps the best plan would be simply to take the House as it stands and cut down its

voting power to about one hundred members.

But the main objection to all these proposals for "reforming" the House of Lords is that the real problem is that which "A Liberal M.P." raises in his remarkable pamphlet, namely, "the question of the House of Commons." How is the House of Commons to go on after Home Rule? Are we to consider that measure to be a complete satisfaction of the demand for self-government and for efficient government, or as a first step in a general process of devolution? The Prime Minister has clearly shown his preference for the latter issue, and it is fair, therefore, to say that he agrees in the main with Sir Edward Grey's dramatic conclusion that "without devolution we shall have destruction." How, then, if events are moving towards Scottish Home Rule, Welsh Home Rule, and last, but not least, English Home Rule, can we proceed to reconstitute the House of Lords before we know what subjects will be left for either House to consider? If, for example, the vexed questions of land, education, and religious endowment, are referred to national assemblies for settlement, the quarrel between the two Houses assumes a new and a much reduced aspect. On the other hand, if we reject devolution, and resort to a drastic amendment of the procedure of the House of Commons, the historic conflict between the two Houses may be resumed.

The heart, therefore, of the problem lies in the future constitution of the House of Commons. Liberals cannot be asked to reconstruct, and quite possibly to revivify, the non-representative assembly in the hour when it is

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the future of representative government which is really at stake. No cure for the evils of our Parliamentary system—the congestion of business, the enfeeblement of the private member, the too excessive influence of the Executive, and its increasing divorce from the work of the Commons—is to be found in any scheme for the reconstitution of the House of Lords. When we have decided what sort of a House of Commons we want, we shall know what place in this revised scheme a Second Chamber should occupy, who should appoint it, what should be its numbers, and with what powers we wish to endow it.

If it is urged that all the great changes consequent on Irish Home Rule are incapable of solution on party lines, we assent. But we hope that the Government will pause, at this moment of all others, before they give the full seal of their authority and the full force of the official machinery to a solution of the question of the House of Lords calculated to weaken the force of the Parliament Act. There is much talk of mandates. But no one disputes that the Government possessed as unequivocal an electoral order for that measure as any British Ministry ever received. No such public opinion exists in regard to the reform of the House of Lords. The people have never been canvassed on it. If they have any general view—and nothing but a general view prevails—it is that the House should be smaller, and less obstructive, and more rational, and more modern than it is, but that its teeth have been drawn, and that a Liberal Government is in no way called upon to present it with a brand-new set.

TANGO.

There are two kinds of cant by which people commonly deceive themselves with regard to what is called propriety. The more common is the hunting out and discovery of an unseemly intention in things where no such intention exists, and the interest of which is concerned with ideas far above propriety or its converse. The other consists in accusing those who criticise anything on this score of themselves possessing an unseemly intention, and has for its motto the cry, "to the pure all things are pure." The kind of dancing which has suddenly become fashionable in what is known as the smart world has been attacked on the grounds of unseemliness and impropriety; and those who defend it have deceived themselves, and attempted to deceive others, into the belief that the critics are guilty of the second kind of cant. I dare say that it is a matter of almost infinitely little importance how people comport themselves in a dozen ballrooms in a small corner of London; but there has been much outcry on the subject, and it is a matter which has left its mark on the social activities of this year of grace. The onlooker cannot help being a little interested, and, if he be interested, wishing to arrive at the true facts of the matter for what they are worth. One had thought that the limits of absurdity had been reached by the craze for Ragtime; but so far as I can see this limit has been far exceeded in the craze for the kind of dancing of which the Tango serves as a type.

There has been a vast amount of nonsense talked about the Tango and its derivation, its significance, and place in the realms of art. As for its derivation, one needs no more than a small schoolboy's knowledge of Latin

to be aware that Tango means "I touch," and that the Tango is necessarily a dance of contact. As for its significance, it is simply a result of that desire for greater latitude and increased realism which has influenced the amusements of society. As for its relation to art, it has none whatsoever. There are people who will argue seriously about the true Tango, the classical Tango, and the high austerity and even nobility of that dance; they may be right; but it is not austerity and nobility that have made the Tango popular. It has come to be used as a term embracing a whole group of dances, half of negro and half of Spanish American origin, which combine a certain ingenuity and rhythmic intricacy of movement with a freedom of symbolism and liberty to improvise variations of that symbolism which have no relation to the modern dance as a social ceremony, but are closely allied with its savage and pagan forms. As for its propriety or impropriety, that must be a matter for the individual to decide for himself. Propriety implies restraint; and restraint in this group of dances, is conspicuous by its absence. The most successful dancer is he or she who performs the prescribed rhythmical evolutions with as little restraint as possible. Propriety, moreover, implies a certain suitability of conduct to time and place and circumstances. There are many things which it is proper and suitable to do in private, but which are improper and unsuitable in public; and there are things which are proper and suitable to the farmyard or the café, but which are not suitable to the ballroom. I have seen many improper things which may be interesting, attractive, and even beautiful; but their impropriety was a mere accident or by-product,

and it was not because of it that they were interesting or attractive. Impropropriety and indecency in themselves will never be anything but ugly and revolting; and my own criticism of the Tango, my definite objection to it, is not that it is indecent or improper, but that it is ugly. I am no frequenter of ballrooms, and therefore did not realize till lately how thoroughly this new kind of dancing had seized upon the world in London that, for good or ill, leads in these matters; but what I have seen has convinced me that it is absurd and retrograde, and that the protest contained in the now famous letter to the "Times" was more than justified—if not on the score of impropriety, certainly on the score of ugliness. The other night I saw an old lady of distinguished lineage and high station and strictly conventional views, sitting in a ballroom and regarding with an expression of fond and doting pride her honorable daughter, a sylph-like and refined young woman, tightly clasped in the embrace of a man and whirling about in various attitudes any one of which, had they jointly assumed it in the middle of a London street, would have rendered them liable to arrest on a charge of misdemeanor. That is a simple historical fact which should be placed on record, not because it is isolated, but because it is typical. And my chief reflection, as I observed various graceful and good-looking people performing these antics on the ballroom floor, was that if they could see what they themselves looked like, especially from behind, they would instantly and for ever abstain from the Tango, and all kindred dances.

These dances have been the regular attraction in various Montmartre cafés for several years; and women of the world who have wished to see that kind of life have had to be warned, when they were taken to such places,

that they must be prepared for a very different standard of propriety from that to which they were accustomed. It certainly never occurred to me when I have looked at such performances that I should see them translated to a fashionable London ballroom, with peeresses and ambassadors, and dukes and princes, looking on and applauding. And even if I had been prepared to see the younger and gayer married women so performing, with the countenance of their husbands and their friends, I certainly never expected to see the mothers and chaperons of unmarried girls wreathed in smiles at the sight of their charges similarly occupied. But so it has happened, and I merely rubbed my eyes and wondered, not without admiration, at the smooth way in which society will adapt itself to anything and make haste to conform to and applaud that which it conceives "everybody" to be doing. But I am also amazed that women in an age which is consciously, and in some ways very successfully, cultivating beauty and grace in all its movements, should make the mistake of attempting something which they cannot successfully accomplish. I have said that I think the Tango is ugly; but I would qualify that by adding, unless perfectly danced with the graceful and inspired abandon of the professional dancer. Now the English girl, to do her justice, is not, with the best will in the world, able to achieve this inspired abandon. She may have the abandon without the inspiration, and that is where the ugliness and absurdity—and if you like, the impropriety—come in. But what did I say? The English girl? I have seen matrons once beautiful, and now well on the road to sixty, attempting to bend their poor old limbs and away their gravid bodies in a kind of rheumatic bacchanal. A dread sight this, the dementia and twilight of the goddesses! Be no further

word said of it except that they too achieved something far other than inspiration or abandonment to ecstasy.

Where the shepherd leads the sheep will follow. The shepherd in this case has been of American origin, and the American lady in London who is the chief instigator of these revels is a shepherdess of no mean ability. One by one English leaders of society have surrendered their place to her formidable energy and daring irreverence. There are, of course, always the quieter and more refined American women who have no love for these extravagances, and pretend to disapprove of them; but beside such energetic initiative of what avail is mere disapproval or detachment? It is useless to cry "*Noli me tangere*" when the shepherdess raises her crook on high. What she decrees the obedient sheep will do, whether it takes the form of Tango, or Bunny hug, or one step, or enraptured attention to a Dahomey negro yelling and pounding at the piano. If a baboon could be trained to play Ragtime he would be the rage of London, and people would be asked out to meet and sit at table with him. This is not an exaggeration, but a simple fact.

All this rage for Russian opera—to hear the current talk you would think there was no music in the world except a few Russian operas that were written.

The Saturday Review.

ten several years ago—Tango, Ragtime, and Ballet, is only an expression of the genuine passion for rhythm and color which has lately overtaken the social world. And of course rhythm and color are delightful things in themselves, but they are only two of the many elements which art employs in its perfect work. Art, whatever be its form—music, or painting, or dancing, or drama—is a finished and laborious product of raw elementary things which the artist takes, and by his own process and in obedience to laws of form and proportion (which are, I venture to say, fixed and permanent), moulds into a finished work of art. The craze of the moment seems to be to abandon the finished product, to be uninterested in the painting, but to go and riot in the studio and play with tubes of paint and splashes of bright color. And with all this childish craze for the raw material goes a certain curious worship of the craftsman, be he great or little. Last year one heard of nothing but Nijinsky. This year it is Chaliapin and some Ragtime king—elemental savage probably, in a suit of evening clothes. It is impossible to say what will come next. The Pan of next season may now be peacefully digging petroleum on the steppes of Manchuria, or mixing drinks in a bar in Rio, or lying in noontide sleep in the cornfields of Indiana.

Filson Young.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

F. Frankfort Moore has written a new novel "*Discovering 'Evelina'*" which, like his former success, "*The Jessamy Bride*," preserves with delicate sincerity the atmosphere of the late eighteenth century. Again he weaves into the web of his story persons whose names have always been identified with that period. David

Garrick appears almost immediately, Mrs. Thrale becomes a familiar figure, and Dr. Johnson is often heard from and sometimes seen. But the musical Burneys and their shy daughter Fanny are the central characters. The story tells how this apparently untalented member of the family wrote "*Evelina*" secretly, sent it to the publishers

with misgivings and trepidation and suddenly found herself author of the first great novel written by an English woman. The effect of this news upon the members of Miss Burney's family and upon literary London furnishes a truly amazing and spirited bit of reading. The book is more than the retelling of an old story; Fanny, her inner life, her success which failed to bring her heart's deepest wish, become of great moment to the reader. There is finish and feeling to the story and it should be even more widely received than its predecessor. George H. Doran Company.

England of witchcraft days is the background for a romantic story of an alchemist's daughter "Keren of Lowbole." Romance, however, in the popular sense of the word is by no means the leading interest here. We are far more concerned whether the fascinating Keren can escape the charge of witchcraft and whether she succeeds in making the wonderful blue stone of an alchemist's dreams than whether her hand is sought in marriage. The first part of the book is laid in a wild country district, a fit setting for the strange work that goes on in Keren's early home. Later the town of Colchester and the life of thrifty burgher folk are described in so intimate a manner that one could believe the author lived at that time instead of in the twentieth century. The book excels in that faithfulness to detail which seems to reconstruct completely a time long past and give the human beings of an unfamiliar environment the breath of reality. Keren is like no other heroine and her story is unusual. George H. Doran Company.

What Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, Darwin's co-discoverer of evolution, thinks of present day social problems is set forth in his admirably concise book "Social Environment and Moral

Progress." To those who are gloriously confident that today the world is better than it has ever been Dr. Wallace's conclusion will come as a shock, for he says, "our whole system of society is rotten from top to bottom, and the Social Environment as a whole in relation to our possibilities and our claims, is the worst that the world has ever seen." Man's advance, particularly during the last two centuries, has been along the lines of utilizing the powers of nature to an unprecedented extent. The result of this, according to Dr. Wallace, has been almost wholly evil. It has caused a growth of luxury on one side and of unspeakable conditions on the other. That Dr. Wallace's sympathies are with labor against Organized Capital is easy to be seen. In several clear, logical chapters he compiles statistics which show the widespread existence of wrong and oppression. In a final summary he states four causes for all our social evils and suggests four remedies. They are as follows: Competition for means of existence must be cured by co-operation; economic antagonism must be counteracted by an economic brotherhood; monopoly should be offset by a "freedom of access to land and capital for all"; and for the inheritance by a few of the wealth of the world must be substituted the "inheritance by the state in trust for the whole community." It is also interesting to note the stand which Dr. Wallace takes against the Eugenists. He believes that the arbitrary control of marriage by a chosen state board (which would be the logical outcome of the theory) would greatly impair the race, and he gives biological arguments substantiating his belief. The book is so simple and clear that any one may read and understand, while it never descends to a popular style. Cassell and Company.